

TRAVELLING
ANECDOTES
THROUGH
VARIOUS PARTS
OF
EUROPE.

TRAVELLING

ANECDOTES

THIRTEEN

VARIOUS PARTS

OF THE

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TRAVELLING
ANECDOTES

THROUGH
VARIOUS PARTS

OF
EUROPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

— hœc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in Æde sonent certantia iudice Tarpa.

HOR.

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20



MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

P R E F A C E.

THE following sheets were written to amuse the reader; and are not calculated to convey that information, which may be gathered from a Brookes's Gazetteer, or a bare relation of the history of counties and towns.

Facts only have been worked upon, however heightened they may

appear. The artist who exhibits a production of genius and science to public regard, first sketches from Nature his outline; and conveys to his canvass the finishing touches in his closet.

In shewing part of this work to a friend—an imitation of Sterne was buzzed in my ear. I deny the charge—and as I disclaim all endeavours to imitate; so, I hope, the Public will see no reason to accuse me of stealing from his inimitable work.

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TRAVELLING ANECDOTES

THROUGH

VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE.

WHEN an Englishman sets out to make his tour on the Continent, he closets himself up in his post-chaise, and sleeps to Dover; nay, it frequently happens—I have seen it myself,—that he slumbers his passage over in the same vehicle. When he arrives at Calais, the first thing he enquires for, is Burgundy from Mr. Dessein, and horses for St. Omer's. If it is the first time of his *trajet*, he laughs at the *bidets* and postilions, and talks bad French with

B

the

2 TRAVELLING ANECDOTES.

the master of the house: if the second, he shuts himself up in une voiture Angloise bien etoffée, and is dying of the hyp till his arrival at Paris, unless he meets with a countryman at the Hôtel de Bourbon at Lisle, and fancies the Burgundy excellent.—I speak of the generality of travellers; who, by their fortune purchase ease at the expence of information and amusement.—Why do I say amusement, when perhaps their lethargic dispositions afford them much more satisfaction than my conversation with the Carmelite Nuns? — Sleep on then, my torpid countrymen!—lounge with ease in your voluptuous lined chaises.—I will mount the *diligence*, and study the spirit of the nation I travel through.—'Tis true, it has no such easy springs, as those you swing upon—it jolts confoundedly: but, what of that? surely my ——— can bear it as well as the ——— of the Carmelite Nuns before me.

Thank

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES. 3

Thank Heavens! we have got off the confounded rattling *pavé*; and I can indulge my feelings with the conversation of two immaculate saints.—The Coachman says we shall have a sandy smooth road all the way to Lilliers:

A ça, mes saintes Sœurs, toutes les beautés & délices de ce monde annoncent la bonté du Créateur.—Tu conviens: and how is it possible *you* can offer up an adoration equivalent to the good things He has annexed to our existence?—Can *your* hearts beat with such fervent zeal for his love, as mine does? What are the emanations of earthly bliss to you in this world?—Ecoutez, mes Sœurs! your hearts, I say, cannot be sensible of such extacy. Now, under favour of your years, you may view the beauties of his creation, when the heart has lost its genial warmth, its glow of youth, to put forth ejaculations in

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his praise.—You can now be entrusted in a *diligence*, and in the company of a hare-brained Englishman. — Ah, mes dames! your religious customs are strange. I think they are not so *épures* as you would wish us to believe.

Ah! ah! ah! quel drôle de raisonneur! — Monsieur il parle du cœur répondés donc la Briole — And La Briole would have answered, but she sighed.

La Fauvette stole her veil aside to look at me — La Briole looked on the ground. — Eh bien mes Dames! est-il vrai que vos cœurs n'ont jamais parlé? — La Briole gave a half-checked sigh, and I repented of my indelicate question.

You believe then, says La Fauvette, we have no virtue?—I believe you have patience to suffer a great deal.—I was once young, and I thought myself pretty,
conti-

continued she.—Then you made a great sacrifice to the rigid forms of your Convent. (—La Fauvette had the outline of something to admire —) But, says she, the sacrifice has procured me happiness immeasurable — Which, I suppose, could not have been attained, if you had bestowed your prettiness to a better use?—To a better use? that could never be, said La Fauvette.—Then I presume I may conclude from your argument, that God gave you charms, and you have suffered those charms to decay, for no other purpose but to prove your virtue in shunning the very end of your creation? — I was created to adore le bon Dieu & la sainte Vierge.— If all women were to dedicate their lives to no other purpose than such a godly one as yours, ma sainte Sœur, God must find some other methods of creating Virgins to supply the holy Carmelite order.

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Monsieur n'est pas fait pour être François. Ah fidonc! — Monsieur est Anglois.

As tu ma bonne Sœur jamais oui parler un si grand pêcheur? La bonne Sœur shook her head, and crossed herself,

The *pavé* tells us we are at Lilliers; and now, mes saintes Sœurs, if you do not refuse to touch the hand of un Anglois Heretique; a hand that has never been before extended for the service of such purity, I now present it for your aid—The door of the *diligence* is high. —I would not fall for a kingdom, cried La Fauvette—Not for the kingdom of Heaven? — Though there was no great wit in my repartee, yet I found it had engaged La Fauvette to look on me, and, if I was not mistaken, to think of me with a certain *douceur* of opinion.
Before

Before she let go my hand, she squeezed it—at least I thought so—perhaps she was afraid of falling.

Oh! c'est jour maigre, says La Fauvette—But I have no eggs in the house, nor milk; nor have I any fish: there are some cresses, and some other kind of *légumes*, in the garden, says the Hostess. Then we shall have a poor supper, replied La Briole. There was a fourth person in company, a good-natured German, whose features partook of the inverted curve $\smile$, when the Hostess of Lilliers proclaimed the dearth of fish, eggs, and milk. He muttered something in German, and in a French *patois*, importing, that, if there was nothing better of the *maigre*, in spite of his religion, and at the hazard of his prospects in the next world, he would make a hearty meal on the *gras*, if she had any thing good in the house of the

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kind. The Hostess whispered the German, and said he had no need to hazard his soul, when the case was not so desperate; for she had plenty of eggs, &c. and could provide Monsieur with as good a made *omlet* as the first Parisian Cook could; but that she was afraid to mention it before the mendicant Sisters, who, like the rest of their order, always filled their bellies at her house pour l'amour de Dieu, and never paid her a *sous* in this world for satisfying their hunger, which was generally more craving than the most famished of her guests.

I overheard the discourse, and was resolved that the Carmelite Sisters should have as good a supper as the German, who was shown into a room apart.

On

On va prendre la soupe, says a little pretty faced, smiling *crasseuse*—The Carmelite Nuns looked at each other—Je m'en vais conduire, Monsieur, rejoins the greasy Kitchen Wench.

I abruptly left the Carmelites, and found the German taking his first slice of an *omlet*—I returned to the Nuns, and made them sit down at the table—I helped them to the remainder of the *omlet*—The German looked at the plate, and ordered another to be dressed—The *crasseuse* soon entered the room, and said, the last egg was sent to a company, which arrived a few minutes before the *diligence*. The German looked sulky all the while we were at supper.

Dieu soit benie, said la Fauvette— I have made a hearty meal, replied Briole;

ole; for which I am much indebted to *Monsieur*—Good God! thought I, I wish it was in my power to preside over the œconomy of your table. Behold that German, who can fate himself, gorged with every dainty, to pamper his appetite; and these objects, even for a cynic's veneration, must be subject to the base contumely of the publick, for a scanty pittance, to prove their deserts for a future paradise—A cursed noise in the house has broken the chain of my reverie.

Marachon—Quenille—Quenille—Marachon—Marachon—Marachon—Rosetta—Rosetta—Ah, la voila!

Oui mi Lor, votre Excellence—oui mi Lor—oui votre Excellence—votre Excellence, mi Lor—Rosetta, Quenille—vite a la porte—come la foudre Marachon—Des poulets—canards—lievres—fricafés—frican-

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES. 11

—fricandeaux—ragouts a la reine—rotée
—bouillée—tartalets—desert—Oh bien
servie!—c'est bon mi Lor votre Excel-
lence—bourgogne—champaigne—excel-
lent—oui mi Lor—si bon qu'a Paris—
Marachon—Marachon—Marachon.

I care not for un mi Lor Anglois—
Have you no other rooms unoccupied in
the house—The Hostess shook her head
—Ah! c'est un grand mi Lor Anglois—The
Carmelite Sisters rose meekly to leave
the room—Affiés vous mes saintes Sœurs,
nous ne bougerons pas. Mi Lor Ang-
lois is welcome to take part of our room,
But we will not be turned out of your
house on his account—But Monsieur
must give up the room—The fat Hostess
assumed an important air—she grew info-
lent—The Nuns told their beads, and
looked at each other—I was in a rage—
insolent huffy, I will go to the serjeant
de police—no, I will say, de par le
roy

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roy to the Hostess — de par le Roy Madame je n'en sortirai pas—She changed her tone, added, Monsieur, and left the room, muttering.

From Paris?—The Tuilleries — Pont Neuf—Cabinet du Roy—Louvre—Versailles — The bronze of Louis XIV.—Bastile—Was your curiosity shut up there, my Lord—I beg your pardon; you said, you have seen all that is to be seen.

I came through Bruxelles—the Prince has Hussars for his Guard — The germin between the rabbit and hen—it is a singular copulation—Mr. Varelst has a good cabinet of painting—Lille is a strong town—I hope I shall not have my clothes seized at Dover—But you have not met with Carmelite Nuns in your tour, my Lord.

The

The STORY of POUSSINE.

C'EST bien vrai pourtant, cried la Briole; et c'est une chose bien facheuse quand le cœur parle a une jeune fille surtout religieuse.

Oui quand le Cœur parle, said la Fauvette, gently breathing a sigh—prettés l'orielle—the story is as true as holy writ — pauvre Poussine — Commencés la Briole.

I am quite of your opinion la Briole; no girl should take the veil, before she has well weighed how her affections are placed in this world—indeed, she should never take it, on my account, if I could help it. But good Catholicks think different from Monsieur l'Anglois, replied la Briole —
however,

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however, I must not forget my story; said the Nun; it will prove what a *peché mortelle* young people commit, when they enter on a religious life—*avant que leurs cœurs ont parlés*—which, you know, there is no accounting for.

But, when a girl is too young, to know what she should, and should not, *est très pénible d'endécider*, what crime she commits, answered La Fauvette.

What a cordial sensation I felt, the instant she made this comment: I am confident, the genii of myself, and the Nun, were at that instant, according each jarring impulse in our souls; for the very instant, she repeated, *d'endécider*, O God! my soul was hers—Was it love?—Mercy defend me! she was sixty years old,—I could have went to heaven with La Fauvette; but into no other paradise, I assure you.

Plague

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES. 15

Plague on this servant, what does he want?—The carriage cannot be mended, to night, my Lord; and it is impossible to go another post with the old axle tree.

Notwithstanding your curses thought I, your Lordship must be contented to sleep at Lilliers to night—He said he would go post to St. Omer's; bounced about the room, and alarmed the gentle spirits of the Carmelite Sisters; who, while his Lordship was inveighing, with most unchristian-like emphasis, against his axle tree, were glancing their eyes to heaven.

I told his Lordship, that the two Carmelites were waiting at this place for a young lady, whom they were to take the next day to their convent; and seeing his difficulty, he had much better stay, and from matters of mere speculation, be of our party—I knew perfectly well,

well, that his decision would depend on caprice; therefore I urged nothing further—persuasion and oratory, I concluded would have no weight, unless whim entered the contest in my behalf.

However, says he, though old women are the devils, I think remaining here, will be full as well, as riding post all night; and I should still be obliged to wait till my carriage arrived—Thus, from the most impetuous torrent of distress, for the broken axle tree, he quietly drew a chair to the fire—rung for Burgundy; and, with a peaceful, reconciled smile, told the Carmelites he would be of their company.

I was now trembling for the story of *Poussine*—I was apprehensive, lest the clamours of my illustrious countryman, had untuned the communicative temper of the two saints—but, at my intreaty, La Briole thus began. The

The STORY of POUSSINE,

WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

LA petite sœur Poussine was sent to our convent at the age of sixteen, by her father the Marquis de R——; who was well known at Paris for having run out a magnificent fortune, by launching into every splendid excess and pleasure of the capital, and was esteemed afterwards for his retiring to a small *terre*; where he now lives in a state of domestic œconomy, to save the name of his house from falling into oblivion.

I do not mean to heighten the charms of Poussine to make my story more interesting;

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resting; she was really beautiful in her person, and possessed of the most soft enchanting manners.

The elegant taste of the Marquis had bestowed on her the most superior accomplishments; and the advantage of mixing in a continual round of the great world—indulgence in every pleasure, and in every expence, which could refine the manners to the most delicate point of perfection, distinguished her among the first nobility of Paris.—A peculiar idea struck the Marquis in his adversity, which determined him to seclude this favorite child from the world—Ah, ma bonne Sœur! exclaimed the attentive Sister, la charmante Poussine was too lovely to be entrusted to the world—mais je vous interrompe—Enfin, continued la Briole, among the first of her accomplishments was singing—her voice was incredibly fine; which, from the most early period
of

of her life, had been improved by the best masters — the convent called her their St. Cæcilia, and you may easily judge we all cherished her *en plein cœur*. But as Madame l'Abesse had more power than the sisterhood, so her love was more manifested to Poussine—she was constantly in her company, and caressed on all occasions:

One day, the holy mother, in the presence of the sisterhood, asked Poussine to sing—a lowering pensive spirit had possessed her soul—in vain were all intreaties—her melancholy had destroyed her voice—The abbess was alarmed at the alteration which she perceived in the lovely sister, and by frequent interrogations endeavoured to get the secret from her—Here la Briole stifled a sigh, and presently afterwards la Fauvette exclaimed, *la pauvre innocente!* Whatever sagacious prudence could invent, or the

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penetrating artifice of the abbess put in force, to find out the cause of the mysterious thoughtfulness of this charming nun, was useless.

An inward sorrow preyed on the soul of Pouffine,—she pined and sickened every day—the whole convent was inconsolable—all the sisters sought relief in their prayers and tears, except the holy mother, who was determined to know the cause of her distress—she could have had no regret at taking the veil, she thought; for, it was now the second year since she had been initiated, and seemed perfectly reconciled to her fate—What then can have worked this change in her! exclaimed the irascible mother; no soothing request—no kind indulgence, could win the lingering nun to unburthen her mind. The abbess thought now of nothing but rigour; for she had made a sacred vow to the patroness of the

the

the cloyster, to force her to disclose the mystery she concealed, by discipline. Alas! continued la Briole, what resolute impulse could have worked in her mind the indignation she was fraught with.

But, heaven! as it is always watchful over the meek-hearted, perhaps made the holy mother its instrument, to chastise the wayward and culpable heart of this maid—La Briole stole a glance upward—an unaffected glance—an angel's glance—it was contrived in so placid a manner—so thoughtfully unperceived.

Why, O nun, thought I, dost thou take such pains to paint thy story so pathetically? Thy heart, Briole, perhaps, when young, has been tempered with an alloy, most surely similar to that of pauvre Poussine's.

La Briole continued—at last the abbess convened the sisterhood, and spoke to us in the following manner—My holy sisters, much it grieves me to relate, that in a dream, I have been told by the patroness of our convent, that our sister Poussine is visited with an unclean spirit—a devil is rioting in her flesh, to work her perdition, and nothing can restore her to her primitive purity, but the rigour I am going to inflict on her—sad and sorrowful was this news—in vain we invoked the Virgin Mary—in vain we intreated the abbess to suspend her rigour.

Slow and penfive the wretched Poussine was led to the abbess—she repeated her intreaties to know the cause of her grief—Still she sighed, and still was silent—The Lay Sister, by the commands of the Abbess, shewed the instruments of torture that were to be exercised upon her,

her, unless she confessed—again the holy mother exhorted—all proved ineffectual—and now, by her commands, she was conducted into a small room; where the lay sister tied the hands of this poor culprit on the bench of discipline, to receive stripes upon stripes on her tender flesh *.

The extreme punishment had no effect, for she was still silent on the cause of her grief—Her horrid cries drew the supplicating sisterhood to the door—it was burst open; we could not support the extreme anguish our much-loved sister endured—we forced the abbess to

* I could not avoid feeling a secret desire of interrupting the nun just at this passage, by giving her the history of Brantôme's: "Grande Dame de par le monde, qui faisoit dépouiller
 " ses Dames & filles, je dis les plus belles, & se délectoit fort
 " à les voir, & puis elle les battoit du plat de la main sur les
 " fesses, avec de grandes olacquades & blamuses assez rudes;
 " & les filles qui avoient délinqué en quelque chose, avec de
 " bonnes verges."

give over her punishment—but, alas! how did it conclude—nothing could mitigate the stern resolution she had taken; for now she was convinced the unclean spirit had entire sway over her mind; or, she never could have endured the severe punishment, without confessing the cause of her sorrow.

To make my narrative short—the holy mother confined her in a dark and gloomy cell, and threatened to prolong her sentence till she overcame her stubborn unrelenting temper.

La Briole had finished so far, when the drowsy German rose to call a servant to light him to bed.

Presently the fat hostess entered the room, to inform us she had but two beds unoccupied; that the company which arrived after us staid all night.

My

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My Lor votre Excellence can have one to himself; and Monsieur, and Monsieur, perhaps, might have no objection to sleep together. Indeed, but I have Madame *l'Hoteffe*—male bed fellows in your country are, perhaps, not so unaccommodating as in ours—but, where are the saintes Sœurs to sleep, I replied.—Ou le bon Dieu plait, answered the hostess—but they shall sleep in your house Madame; c'est impossible.—If you can partake of a traveller's bed, replied his lordship, I have an easy seat in my carriage, where I frequently prefer sleeping to the generality of beds I meet with on the road.—This removed our embarrassment—the hostess was desired to prepare one of the beds for the Carmelites, and the other for the German—The nuns rose to apologise, and return thanks—the hostess cast a look of contempt at both of them.—I ordered her to leave the room—the German left us to dream away his stupidity,

The

The STORY of POUSSINE

WAS CONTINUED.

THE cell in which the unfortunate nun was confined, stood in the remotest part of the convent, where none of us had access but the abbess and the lay sister — Alas! many a day, and wretched night, did she pass, without a sympathizing sister to take part in her sorrow.—Often times did she receive unnumbered stripes; yet, still her soul was resolutely bent on concealing the cause of her sorrow. Discipline and fasting, a gloomy cell, and melancholy, would have been the endless doom of Poussine, had not the prayers of the sisterhood been heard.

Dieu

Dieu, cried la Briole, je m'en vais m'egarer—I said her delivery was worked through the prayers of the sisterhood—how the human heart is subject to wander from the strict ties of pure devotion—Ah, ciel! 'tis strange, we should be sometimes led to sympathise with those whom le bon Dieu has forsaken.—But I must tell my story tout droit,

Eh! quelle besogne! cried la Fauvette, you only speak truth, acheves Monsieur is no catholick,

One morning as we were returning from mass, for the restoration of our little seraph, the old lay sister came running, greatly astonished, and crossing herself all over, crying, that the evil spirit had flown away with Pouffine—she was not in the cell—Par la sainte vierge—she is vanished—une miracle!

Soon

Soon the abbess came, and both ran crying all over the convent, a miracle! Poussine was not to be found, nor were there the least traces left of her having escaped; the cell was visited—nothing but a supernatural power could have delivered her—The bell rang for prayers—the chapel for three weeks was lighted with tapers, and a continual fast held to avert the danger the convent was threatened with—for certain it was, said the holy mother—that no evil spirit had power to snatch a sister away, in despite of their great patroness, who must have heard the prayers and fastings of the sisterhood—therefore she now concluded she had been guilty of a *peché mortel*, in confining and treating the unfortunate sister Poussine with such cruelty; for she was certain, she was now translated by the saint Patroness to the mansion of saints. The abbess now thought, the only redemption left for her crime was,

to

to undergo double chastisement for the infliction she had bestowed on the delivered nun; she, therefore, shut herself up in the dark cell, prayed and fasted day and night, and most cruelly castigated herself. The whole convent thought of nothing but the horrid denunciation of revenge from their Patroness—eternal prayers, fasting, and discipline, would have been likewise their portion, had not her singular delivery been otherwise accounted for.

I am now going, says la Briole, to inform you how le Cœur de cette pauvre fille a parlé.

Robert, a young Franciscan fryar, renowned for his great learning and uncommon austere piety, was frequently delegated to our convent to preach to the sisterhood—his figure was handsome; his discourse interesting; and his manners

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES.

ners gentle and devout. I have no need to inform you, what influence the object of a woman's affections has over her senses, when it strikes the heart before reason and religion are consulted. Ah! grand Dieu, the unfortunate Poussine was in love with this young fryar: from the instant she first beheld him her native tranquility fled her bosom.

Eh! quel egarement pour le gendre humain quand la nature est plus forte que la religion, exclaimed la Fauvette, looking at me. I smiled at her affected simplicity—It had a greater effect, than the most keen sarcasm on her remark—she read my soul by it—this was all I wanted.

Her infant senses, continued la Briole, were imposed upon by the mistakes of her heart. She soon was a prey to an inward mystery, which she could not account for.—

What

What a misfortune! said the Carmelite, that Pouffine had no dear friend, who could have explained the criminal passion—she might then have prayed to the holy virgin — and the holy virgin, said the nun, fixing her eyes, in a manner, that evinced the most fervent devotion, would have given her power and resolution to repel the youthful *tendresse*.

—Thanks, to the Virgin Mary! I rejoined, for enabling Pouffine to keep her resolution; I am rejoiced to find she was so much her friend. Both nuns looked a smile of reproof at me — Indeed, I was reprehensible for my libertine remark; but, I struck the ballance much in their favour, as I generally do, in like cases, when my feelings cry *pec- cavi*.

Does Monsieur l'Anglois, said la Briole, believe the holy Virgin knew, that le Cœur de cette fille à parlé—Oh! que non,
the

the sainte vierge would never have concealed it from her, if she knew it. What simplicity ! but I must not argue this point with la Briole, or we shall have no end to the story of Poussine.

Fryar Robert hearing from our convent the wretched situation of Poussine, repaired to the lattice of the cell, which faced the convent garden. Favoured by the stillness of night, the unhallowed Fryar found means to draw her from her confinement—we suppose he had contrived some secret means before this, to know the unfortunate weakness of our sister—but to conclude ; by the means of instruments, which he prepared, and by his ingenious labour, he removed a stone from the building : which he afterwards replaced, in such a manner, that it left but small traces of the plot—they now made the best of their way to the Hague ; where they have taken the name
of

of Monsieur et Madame de ———, and live respected (mon Dieu quelle honte) in the first companies.

La Briole raised her head, to see what effect the *denouement* of her story had worked in me—but skilled in the *notat et designat oculis*, I kept the same contour of features, and deceived her expectation—You see, Sir, said la Briole, what unfortunate effects result from compelling innocent girls to take the veil, before their hearts have known the effects of love—I told her I thought they were fortunate effects—the nun blushed.

I should have urged most pressingly for a recital of la Briole's adventures; certain, from her manner of telling the story of Poussine, there was a delicate tint of her own in it, had not his Lordship rose to pass the night in his coach; I was sleepy myself. The heart of the

D

nun

nun glowed with such an expanding goodness, I am certain she would have consented.

The DILIGENCE continued.

EArly in the morning I left his Lordship's coach, once more to mount the diligence. Passing from the yard to the house I discovered the fat landlady, busy in preparing all the necessary apparatus for the day, to levy contributions on the necessitous traveller.—Ye birds of passage! I exclaimed, who flutter through Lilliers, for your tours of pleasure, much welcome are you to be imposed on by this inflated *escroqueuse*.

But you, who are called from home, for reasons best known to yourselves; yet, truly interesting, and unavoidable,
O, may

O, may the æconomical genii preside o'er your purses! and teach you, deliberately to draw their silken threads, when you open them: and thou, O, Plutus! shouldst thou be the tutelar deity of the necessitous traveller, delight not in offerings that are made promiscuous and liberal; but, be thy presidence, accompanied with scrutiny and the fair goddess prudence.

Enveriteé Madame l'Aubergiste, your charges are exorbitant—Mais Mi Lor de Grace.—But his Lordship will not pay them—she had much better have called me any thing but Mi Lor—it was calling me a fool; and, to convince her I was none; I took out my pencil, valued the contents of my bill, to my own liking; drew forth my purse, and in the most composed manner, paid her the amount.—Ce n'est pas un tiers Mi Lor—Tant mieux pour vous Madame, the nearer

your soul is to Heaven, I placidly answered. There was something she saw determined in my manner, therefore she thought it needless to argue the point; but, perhaps, she consoled herself with the idea, that his Lordship, whom I left in the coach, would be more generous.

Turning towards the street-door, I heard the *Voiturier* calling, allons, Messieurs Mesdames — allons; but no Messieurs or Mesdames coming at his call, he fixed his eyes on a tall personage, and asked him if he was the only passenger.— Enfin je m'en vais vous conduire—so I mounted the diligence alone.

The morning was charming; the season verging to the month of May; and pleasing myself with the country as I passed, I insensibly fell into a reverie; when my thoughts turned on the young
Lord,

Lord, I parted with at the little town of Lilliers; so, in spite of the variegated face of a delightful landscape, or distant hills, or neighbouring vales; or, more than all, in spite of the dissonant rattle of the Flanders diligence, I was thinking how he proposed employing his time on his return from abroad. What effect will the foreign lands he has visited have over his mind? Will the advantages of travel conspire to render him a more accomplished senator, a better citizen, a happier man? Has he animadverted on the different forms of government he has seen; laws, arts, genius of the people? Suppose he has made this meritorious use of his time; has he capacity to contrast the qualities of his own nation, with those he has visited; find out the defects of its constitution, by comparing the virtues of the one with the vices of the other? Endowed with this sublime

talent, will his country improve by his application of it?

I was thus hurried on in full career of imagination, moulding my young Lord into the very paragon of travellers; when the following idea overturned all my systematical suppositions:

Where can this enlightened Peer deposit his knowledge for the service of his own state? Where, like the joint-labouring bee, will he find other men, who have been equally assiduous, and equally intent, upon acquiring information? In short, would he not be an alien to the supine state, he meditates the good of? And, by reason of his superior acquisition of senatorial knowledge; would he not be ousted from the refined circle of his voluptuous companions? fond of expence, pleasure, and dissipation.

Again,

Again, I thought; Would this patriot, sensible of these difficulties, stand up, undaunted, in an erroneous and profligate senate, and, by his virtue, stop the torrent of faction: confront a set of men, who, under colour of patriotism, and without selecting perfection from defect, unite their power to overthrow the tottering fabrick of their government; and being themselves desperate, endeavour to secrete some scattered materials from the common ruin, upon which they build their own greatness? Would simple virtue, and truth uncontroverted, calm this feverish senate? Or, would his wisdom; would his oratory, assimilate the sane maxims of one party, to the approved spirit of the other? Would this upright senator, who inclines to neither party, because both are equally mistaken, be courted for his integrity and just distinction between right and wrong? Alas! I am not sur-

prized to find, that he rather courts every scene of dissipation and folly; seeing the impracticability of applying his parts for the welfare of his country,

I now began to fancy what pursuits he meditated on his arrival in the vortex of the capital; so having traced him first to his admittance into a club, at one of our fashionable alehouses, and followed him close to his ruin at our British *Hippodrome*; I was plotting some noble species of chicanery, practised by the great, as a final resource, to support the refinement of modern luxury, when the diligence stopped at a little village at the foot of a hill.

Adieu Rose, ne m'obliés jamais — looking out of the diligence, I saw a country girl taking leave of three female friends; an old woman, and her
two

two daughters, who were weeping, while Rose was deluged in tears.

The *voiturier* said he was in haste, and opened the door of the diligence—the blubbering, tender-hearted girl, reluctantly stepped into it—just as she was seating herself, the youngest of the two girls came to the door, and asked if she was certain, that the little *souvenir* she gave her was safe in her pocket.—Oui, oui, said Rose, feeling for it. Then the mother came, and taking hold of her hand, which rested on the pannel of the door, wetting it at the same time, with a few casual drops from her aged eyes, cried, *suivés les conseils de ta triste mere ma fille, and God will be another parent to you.*

Now took place a shower of adieus, wavings of the hand, and noddings of the head, for the *voiturier* was mounting his

his box.—The quick ebullitions of sorrow rising in the heart of the young *païssanne*, prevented her from uttering a parting word in return; but just as the unfeeling fellow cried, *vâ, vâ*, to his horses, and gave a loud crack with his whip, the girl put her head out of the window, and with no small effort, strove to say, *Adieu, ma mere! Adieu, mes sœurs!*

Now began a tumult of sobs; her handkerchief was as wet as if it had been dipped in a sea of brine, with tears from her streaming eyes.—Ah, *ciel* je part, she said, with the most heart-bursting murmur; then putting her head out of the window, to catch a final glance of her friends, which the turning of the road had by this time robbed her off, flung herself back on the seat, and yielded to the unfeigned grief of her soul.

Poor,

Poor, simple girl! thought I; in the fullest of thy sorrow; in the quick succession of the tears that trickle down thy cheeks; there is a pleasure, which the plaintive soul receives in the midst of its anxiety, that equals the most refined sensation.—Then flow thy tears, and let thy bosom continue its anguish; why should I endeavour to reason thee out of it? Thou weepest, because thou hast parted from a mother; whose loss, nature has taught thee to mourn: and the pleasure which thou feelest, springs from the native goodness of thy heart, because thou knowest all thy feelings to be genuine.

Suffering the disconsolate *païssanne*, from a peculiar idea, which then struck me, to give the full vent to her sorrow, I was continuing my reflection, when the horses stopped at a *guinguette* — Vite un liqueur, a Monsieur Ragaud, says a
little

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little diminutive Landlord, wearing a long scarlet plush waistcoat, with sleeves which reached below his knees—presently skips a stumpy girl, with a face as round as a *Chinefe*, and hands a glass of *liqueur* to the *voiturier*.

While the horses were watering, and Le Sieur Ragaud taking a little bit of prose with the Landlord, a Swiss boy approached the carriage with a box; out of which he pulled an animal, called a *marmote*, and putting it on his shoulder, sung something in a *patois*, making the animal dance at the same time. There was some drollery in the boy and his Swiss song; and I found he had engaged the attention of Rose, for she pulled her tear-embued handkerchief from her eyes, to look at him.

Ye powers, who moulded us, how wonderful are our compositions! how
con-

contrasted are our feelings! this girl, who, not three seconds before, seemed involved in the deepest of all gloom, when the heart could not be assailed but by melancholy and distress, relaxed from her sorrow, and a suffusion of joy spread her countenance with a smile. — The Swiss boy played a trick with his animal, which made her laugh; I caught the moment, and opened a channel for saying something.

Had I sympathised with her, on her parting from her friends, I should have rivetted the affection of distress in her mind; but, as the soul was jaded with one extreme, and, as I knew how expeditiously it would free itself, to turn to the opposite one, I laughed with a hearty approbation of the joke.

The following verse of the boy's song, I have translated, as near the original as
I pos-

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I possibly could, excepting the last line; which contained so much *patois*, I could not make it intelligible.

See, my pretty little Marmotie dance;
Oh! its a pretty Marmotie,
Better than any Swiss boy has in France;
Quand Blanche bequille la culotie.

Avé que oui,
Avé que moi,
Avé que oui,
Marmotie.

Now looking full in the little *païsan-ne's* face, when she took her handkerchief from her eyes, I found her as pretty as any *païssanne*, I could have wished to have met with on my route: and as I began already to think myself a love-stricken Knight, in search of adventures, with much profound submission, and veneration for the honour of romance, I wound myself up accordingly.

Tiens

Tiens garçon, says the girl, here is a fix *liard* piece for you. Pulling her flanders purse, with two large silver clasps to it, out of her pocket, she discovered a very rich and handsome tooth-pick case: as I seldom suffer the most trifling things to strike my mind, without passing some comment on them, I was determined this tooth-pick case should be scrutinised; therefore, giving the boy two more fix *liard* pieces, to sing the song again, to increase her chearfulness; I desired the fair Rose would indulge me with a sight of it.

L E C A D E A U.

REceiving the tooth-pick case, I expressed my approbation of its neatness and elegance: in reality, it appeared to me, a valuable one—so turning it in my hand, and feigning, as if I was desirous to know what a fellow to it could be purchased for; I received for answer, that it was a *Cadeau*—this was the very thing I wanted to learn from her.—

Un gage d'amour peut être—a blush mounted in her face—with that confidence, as though I had an intuitive knowledge in all that related to this tooth-pick case, I began, by saying,
 “ That

“ That too often by trifles like these,
 “ the innocent and pretty maid, is lured
 “ to her undoing; not, but there may
 “ be young women, who accept pre-
 “ sents from their lovers, without any
 “ thing criminal being the consequence:
 “ and this, I made no doubt, was her
 “ case”—*Monsieur est très honnête*, she
 replied.—As she made me no negative
 reply, to the hint of the lover; I conti-
 nued thus—“ As you do not deny ha-
 “ ving a lover, my pretty stranger; you
 “ can judge, by your own feeling, whe-
 “ ther my remark was just: at least, you
 “ must know, if a favorable or unfavor-
 “ able opinion is due to the person who
 “ made you that present.”—I do not
 know how to express the emotion which
 the innocent girl seemed to feel; but, I
 could plainly perceive, that other matter
 possessed her mind, than that, which I at
 first conceived to be the occasion of her
 tears.

E

How

“ How do you know, Sir, that I have
 “ a lover”, says the *païsanne*; which she
 repeated with such a heavenly discom-
 posure of so sweet a countenance, that
 nature bid defiance to the defence of
 my heart; and the most pathetic im-
 pulse of involuntary tenderness over-
 came the calm indifference of my soul—
 I am proof against the lures of art; but
 there are some fibres in my composition,
 in such strict unison with the emotions
 of genuine nature, that their vibration
 is irresistible. — This girl, untutored by
 refinement, has rais'd up sentiments in
 my breast, which you, ye much-adored
 and supremely accomplished beauties!
 could never have excited.

Your eyes, my dear—your words—
 your manner—every thing convinces
 me, you have an admirer.—Here she
 affected a mutilated laugh. — Come,
 come, if you have a man who loves you,
 and,

and, if you love in return, I see no harm in it: and, I am sure, no harm shall come to you from me, on that account—vous êtes un démon—how could Monsieur find out I had a lover—Heavens preserve me! there came such a look from her eyes, and so charming was the manner with which she repeated these last words, with her head gently inclined on her right shoulder, that I could not; no, not if the deed had been blacker than sin itself, (which, by the bye, it was not) forbear taking hold of her hand, which was just that instant rested on her knee.

Ye, whose feelings take alarm at the situation I am found in with this maid! whom nature herself has adopted for her child, impute it not to a wild impulse of passion, or to the heedless transports of a vicious heart; but rather accuse that chance which has brought us

together: and rail at the animated atoms, which divine sympathy has accorded to the wise and mysterious purposes of our existence.

I am negotiating for a kiss — it is a tribute due to such simplicity! such innocence! and Heaven shall be the great arbitrator of the offence — but what enchantment on a woman's lip! — How far are we from Bethune, says the girl — a labouring something in my bosom suppress'd an answer — I believe, I said, my dear, and that was all — *Monsieur est reveur*, indeed I am *ma chere petite* — *mais quoi faire c'est l'amour même* — you are then in love too! said the pretty *païsanne* — indeed I am, *mon joli cœur*; so jumping up, with the words just sliding from my mouth, I impressed a kiss on her lips; it was *l'heur de berger*, and it would never have returned had I suffered it to slip away.

You

You leave then your mother, and your sisters, for the first time in your life? But, I hope, soon to return to them—I am going near Lisle to be a waiting maid to a *pensionnaire*, at the convent of Marquet. — Ah! ma pauvre bonne mere, quelle chagrine de la quitter: some tears stole down her face—and, are you sorry at leaving no one else besides your chere mere? girls, so pretty as you, and at your age, can find other objects to shed tears for?

She grew thoughtful and low spirited, in spite of the many lively things I endeavour'd to say to her; I could not make her sprightly—so I left her to indulge her melancholy, and determined to wait a return of her chearfulness.

After having settled an important discussion, which I had long revolved in
my

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my mind, on the subject of the Portus Itius * of the Romans, and finally fixed it

* It is a most extraordinary circumstance, that Antiquarians are always endeavouring to seek for the marvellous, and the dark passages, in History, to account for things, when plain truth is so near at hand. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, says, he set sail from a port of the Morini, "*quod inde erat brevissimus in Britanniam transiectus*", and arrived on the coast of Britain; but not judging it expedient to land where he found the enemy on the cliffs; which place, was undoubtedly Dover; he sailed, to use his own words, "*circiter millia passum viii ab eo loco progressus, aperto ac plano littore naves constituit*". By his own account, the distance of this port of the Morini, to the place where he landed, is thirty miles; therefore, adding the distance from Calais to Dover, and from thence to Deal, the thirty miles are ascertained. What has Strabo and Pliny to do in this case? Strabo says, that from St. Omer's to the next shore of Britain is 320 stadia, about thirty-six English miles; therefore, according to some, the above place must be the Portus Itius, because it was a port of the Morini. Pliny, likewise calls it "*Britannicum Portum Morinorum*". Granted; this was also a port of the Morini: but Cæsar again says, "*Atque omnes ad portum Itium convenire jubet*"; and, that from thence, to Britain, he knew was the shortest way; he calls it thirty miles; but it is evident, it is undeniable, he meant to the place where he was to land; for of what signification; of what advantage would it be for him to talk of the
shortness

at Calais, and not at St. Omer's or Boulogne; I was now plotting the means of working out the history of this tooth-pick case.

It is beyond a doubt, she had the *cadeau* from a person much above her station in life; it was too valuable to be the present of a rustic lover—the inheritor of the wealth of Cæcilius Isidorus,

shortness of the distance, if he could not arrive at that distance. Dover he could not, but Deal he could; therefore, Deal was the shortest passage from the Portus Itius, and which exactly corresponds with Cæsar's thirty miles.

In every respect, it is impossible for St. Omer's or Boulogne, to be the Portus Itius of Cæsar; for his Commentaries say, that eighteen ships of large burthen, with cavalry on board, were wind bound at a place eight old English miles distant from the Portus Itius; which, with Dr. Halley, I believe to be Graveline; or, the *Πορτὸς Ἰτίου* of Ptolomy. It is obvious, that no port or harbour that measures eight miles from this port of Cæsar can be found near St. Omer's or Boulogne. Why not, therefore, support Mr. Horsley; and, with all submission to the learned Dr. Somner, Battely, Cluverius, and other antiquarians, who have written on the subject, fix the Portus Itius of Cæsar at Calais.

would scarcely expend six louis d'ors on a tooth-pick case; therefore, I concluded Madamé la Marquise de —— had a son; and as Rosaline was much prettier, than any Rosaline I had ever seen, or my imagination could possibly paint; this son of the Dame de Paroisse might have given it her—and in spite of the great desire I had to suffer my mind to wander on the revolt of Dumnorix the Heduan, whether he was killed near St. Omer's or Calais; I was combining my politics how to unravel the mystery.

We were now seated at dinner, and the pretty innocent *païsanne* dressing a salad—I was watching her delicate method of pruning it. Nothing could have equalled her simplicity and elegance in the act. A fine lady might have succeeded with equal neatness; but then, that inexpressible elegance of untutored simplicity, would have been exchanged,
for

for the artful complexion of refined nature. Her lively manner hurried to my mind those lines of Milton, where Eve is preparing her champêtre feast for Raphael.

What choice to choofe for delicacy beft,

What order, fo contriv'd as not to mix

Taftes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring

Tafte after tafte upheld with kindeft change;

Beftirs her then, and from each tender ftalk;—

She was curious in the extreme, in her preparation of the falad, picking off the little and almoft imperceptible leaves that were decayed upon it—firft finding fault with the tarragon, then with the cherville—the lettice was too full grown—in fhort, nothing was fo good, and fo fresh, as could be got in her paroife.

Had there been a pertnefs, or the leaft affectation in her manner of finding fault,

fault, I should have suffered my prepossession to have decreased full two thirds of its value. There was none—she was an Eve in native elegance; my curiosity therefore, to come to the denouement of her tooth-pick case was most exquisitely raised, and no French agacement was omitted to serve my purpose.

In spite of all my subtlety, it was impossible for me to make out the enigma; and what raised my curiosity to this pitch, was the simple confusion spread over her countenance whenever I touched upon it.

What all the artifice of prying curiosity, and the greatest cunning in my power to practice, could not unravel, a circumstance of the most simple nature accomplished.

The

The pretty *païsanne* left the room —
On her return I left it also.—

Wherefore should I relate the cause of my absence?—Suffer me simply to say, that I picked up a letter,* which the charming Rosaline had dropped—the following is word for word from the original:

“ Je compte avec la plus triste impa-
“ tience les moments que je suis forcée
“ à passer loin de toi.—Ah ma belle

* I beg I may not be suspected of periergical digression, when I remark, that there is an old trick of working up plots in dramatic and historic writing; that this trick consists in the introduction of letter dropping, rings discovered on the finger, scarfs, and a multiplicity of conceits of the kind, for the more perfect elucidation of the drama.—In respect to this licence, practised by all authors; even from the most elaborate, who flourished in the palmy time of antiquity, down to the most subaltern genius of modern times; I therefore desire I may be permitted to enter a protest against any artifice made use of, for the more speedy conclusion and working up of my story.

“ Rose

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“ Rose ils se prolongent cruellement —
“ pourrai je te voir au même guête
“ d’amant ou nous fumes avant hier —
“ venés mon ange du ciel calmés mes
“ inquietudes. — Je ne peux vivre loin
“ de toi — n’importe les conditions for-
“ tables — n’importe les prejugsés de mes
“ parens. Je ne vie que pour Rose.

“ Si le moindre mot venoit aux oreilles
“ de mon pere, je fremis de ce qui en
“ proviene de son indignation ; sur tout,
“ du rigueur d’un vielliard, entêté de
“ l’honneur de sa maison. Soiés sur vos
“ gardes, que votre maintien soit poli-
“ tique et le plus tendre amour nous
“ fera propice. Oui Rose, tu est a moi.
“ Le mort seul peut t’arracher de ton.”—

Could I forbear my inward exultations
of triumph on the occasion? Fate alone
must have arranged the concatenation of
these

these events.—'Tis strange that I should so heartily wish for a solution of the tooth-pick case, and find that solution so opportunely.—Pretty *païsanne*, thy sighs, thy tears, thy ebullitions of tenderness are then accounted for. The letter was written by the son of the dame de paroisse.—What traces of sentiment! The spirit of Rousseau.—Poor girl! I am not surprized thy simple heart is open to the impulse of sorrow: but wherefore have thy tender affections been persecuted? Thou art certainly separated from thy lover by stratagem. But if his attachment in reality be as strong as his letter indicates, he will disappoint all maternal caution. The feverish spirit of youthful love will soar above all obstacles; and, perhaps thou may'st unexpectedly find him at Marquet, on your arrival.

But alas! romantic gallantry may be over predominant—then Rosaline, thy
simple

simple heart, thy native manners, are betrayed.

God forbid! I cried, for the thought was recent just as I entered the room.— She was perusing a letter—no sooner did she catch a glimpse of me, but it was crumpled into her pocket. Were all my dearest hopes in this world dependant on the bet—I would stake them, that I could produce a fellow to that letter. Ye powers of nature, what a blush! what an unaffected discovery of her passion! I drew my chair close to hers—took hold of her hand, and began my negotiation thus:

Ma petite aimable—let me look at the letter you put into your pocket. O que non.—The contents are then a secret, it is a love letter.—Qui vous l'a dit—which answer was accompanied with

with half cut sentences, her hand and body changing positions all the while. Nay then mon ange du ciel, since you will not deny it, I must suppose it in effect to be so. But since you will not repose any confidence in me yourself—I will shew what skill I have in the secrets of such pretty girls as you, and convince you that I am informed of the most hidden things they possess. Has not your dame de paroisse a son? *Dieu!* says she, who told you so?—Nay, you will not tell me your secret, why should I tell you mine?—but has she not?—Yes, says she, fixing her pretty staring eyes full on my face, with the most rivetting attention. Her son is in love with you, and the family knows it—this is likewise true, is it not? Nay, nay, ma petite innocente, if you do not answer me this question, I will not proceed any farther. Indeed there was no
necessity

necessity to get the answer from her — the affirmative was strongly marked in her countenance. — *Ma foi Monsieur, vous êtes magicien. Come, come, since I have divined on whom your love is placed, you must make me your friend, and I will tell you the secret of possessing M. le Comte — you love him, do you not? Qui?* says the wondering girl.

Though in her manner of saying *Qui*, there might appear a vacuity, the result of innocence — I am sure I well observed as sublime a soul as ever inhabited the fair form of a Julie, only waiting for instruction to expand it self. *Qui?* says she — *Le Comte de——*

I am not equal to the description of the surprize painted in the face of the pretty *païsanne* — thou who patiently attendest

attendest to my story, set thy imagination at work, and spare me the trouble of arranging emphatical matter for the purpose. But, if thou hast ever seen the tent of Darius painted by le Brun, thou mayest remember a countenance in the groupe, expressive of extreme admiration—such then was the country girl's.

Thus, you see, my amiable innocent, I am no stranger to your actions—your thoughts—your every thing—therefore, I insist upon it, you lay your heart quite naked to my view.

But, whither am I wandering? — I shall begin to love you myself—indeed, indeed, thou rose of Picardy! such unaffected attractions as thine, may awaken the heart to certain impulses beyond the endurance of frail mortals—they may make your faithful and tender Count my rival—they may—Ho! ho!—I am not

F

in

in the least surprized ; I wish to be your tutor—Jesuit that thou art ! (I thus reproached myself) if thou dost gain the confidence of the innocent Rosaline, what appeal canst thou make to any moral feeling? Thy subtlety will not advantage either thyself or the simple girl. I hope it will answer no bad purpose—poor paltry subterfuge!—but take care thou art not deceived.

Cherish then thy sweet compliance—By Heavens ! I will cherish thy compliance ; nor shall thy confidence be abused—Monster of human nature ! to suffer a trespassing thought to enter thy imagination — no ; though it touched thee with a gentleness, less sensible than the pressure of the small antenna of a summer fly, thou shouldst drive it away.

And where is my crime—if—if—if—I do gain her confidence? The thought in
shooting

shooting acroſs me was confuſed in its career.—And where is my crime, if even my inſinuating craft is the offspring of love itſelf?—It is the natural cauſe of every pretty face — of, innocence — of, goodneſs?—It is—it is—Sir, it is a paltry ſubterfuge, and take care thou art not deceived.

How ſhe received my offer to take part of my Barouche! *—Fair accompliſhed females! approach with all the refinement of breeding, and *ſport* your elegant ſkill of refusal—would your alarms for reputation, your diſplay of immaculate character; teach me to reſpect you more than Roſaline, with her native frankneſs?

* This was a carriage I had ſent forward with my ſervant to Bethune, for certain reaſons—which had time and place admitted, I, perhaps, might have ſatiſfied the reader in; but, what has the hiſtory of the Barouche to do with the ſtory?

Then give me your hand—so up she jumped; and, in spite of the slanderous inhabitants of Bethune, not caring a liard for their unavailing scandal, or the strength of their bastions and ravelins, I seated myself by her side; and before the postillions had made three flourishing cracks with their whips, the carriage was whisked through the gates.

Nor shall you, ye gloomy, melancholy souls! who look cool on my recital, with all your spleen, or your nice prudential airs of gravity, force me to draw the curtains of my Barouche—no—nor let the beaming eyes of him all presiding over cherubim and seraphim, be averted from us; but, if you, ye merciless bestriders of small horses! with your confounded clumsy boots, and queues reaching to your horses rumps; a contrast so great to our English postillions: if you, I say, turn your heads with any prying

prying intentions, I will discharge my Kügelrythers * through your heads.

I was advancing my hand, with all imaginable gentleness to take hold of Rosaline's, at the exact instant she was doing the same thing to me; when she thus addressed me in recovering from her surprize. Come, Sir, tell me more of the Count—No—not till you take your hand away—the touch has already thrown my spirits into that ferment, I shall not recover any tolerable degree of composure this half hour—And, that innocent, pretty face, wherefore is it so near mine? Unfortunate being, that I am at this critical instant!—I have gained the confidence of the innocent Rosaline, and conscience dares me to take advantage of it.

No; though you are prettiness itself, you shall not have a word more from

* Pistols made by one Kügelryther, a famous gunsmith at Ratisbone.

me, unless you make me your confessor, and tell me every syllable of your adventures with the Count. Ah! you sigh—well begin—but no squeeze of the hand, if you please,

Foi d'honneur, says she, you have told me true, and enverité I have a great mind to tell you every thing about it—Spirit of simplicity! then begin, if tears will permit you; for I see their fonts already humected.

Ah! Monsieur le Comte m'aimoit tendrement—but I shall never see him again—son pere ne le veut point—Her heart was now rising, and according to the degree of its elevation, so flowed her sensible tears—He was very tender to me—two fobs—I did not deserve to be treated unkindly, because I was not his equal—Monsieur le vieux Comte told ma chere mere, that I deserved to be whipped in
the

the village for an intriguing wicked girl—four successive sobs, with intervening pauses for her tears—Heavens! who is the unfeeling wretch who could behave thus unkindly to thee.—

Madame la Comtesse placed a servant to watch us, and perfide! he made the discovery—Ciel! quel doux, quel malheureux moment!—A long pause in her story, by reason of several involuntary sobbings.

Remaining silent, till she had calmed this rising emotion of grief, she voluntarily continued her story.

Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est.

I soon acquired the whole; and, indeed, more than I possibly could expect to be entrusted with.—For such was the unrestrained mode of her confession; and

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such was my persuasive pretension to magic; I am certain, no one circumstance remained in her bosom, which bore the name of concealment, but what was bared to my view,

Oft did she press my hand, and turn up one of the most pretty, and most innocent faces, my eyes ever beheld; conjuring me not to divulge the great secret she had reposed in me—for, if Monsieur le Comte, or Madame la Comtesse, or her chere mere, should know it, she would be the most miserable abandonnée of her paroisse.

I am certain, no religious Fryar, however well versed in all the mysteries of his art, could have drawn from his penitent so ample and compleat a confession.

I now addressed myself to Asmodeus, the crooked devil of Pandemonium, who
is

is known to be the friendly patron of all the contrasted votaries of Hymen, to defend the innocent and accessible heart of Rosaline from all future impressions; and to preserve it, if possible, in its unadulterated state, with the deep embossation of the Count upon it.—Further; to continue Jean Jacques in the high esteem of her sentimental admirer; praying him, to present nothing but Julie, and the celestial vision of her lover, to his imagination.

I entered Lisle just as I had given her the heads of a letter to the Count; it bore all the air of persuasive simplicity I was master of, and she promised to send it to him on her arrival at the Convent.

Arriving at the grand place—I called a Fiacre to the Barouche door, and handing her into it, she was driven off to Marquet.

LISLE.

L I S L E.

I HAD scarce made a descent from my Barouche at the gate of the hotel de Bourbon, when I was addressed by a tall and stout personage, wearing the cross of St. Louis at his button-hole, and dressed in mourning—he pulled me gently by my sleeve, making a slight apology for his abruptness, and whispered me in the ear.—What parties I replied? “ Oh, dare Sir! you have no
 “ need to kape the affair, you have come
 “ hare upon, a sacret with me; becase,
 “ do you see, I have too grate respect
 “ for my countrymen, not to do them
 “ all the sarvice that lies in my power
 “ among

“ among strangers.”—The singularity of the attack was such, I could not forbear smiling. When he made his first question, he put himself in a fencing attitude with his cane; which soon gave me some small intelligence of his meaning.

“ Sir,” says the Irish Officer, who had acquired by his services in the French army, the pendant , staring in the full face of bright day light, and little desirous of courting the modest shade of his coat facing, “ you had better not
 “ make any halt in this place; and, if I
 “ could take the liberty to advise, I
 “ should recommend the same hint
 “ to your *friend*; for, if M. de la
 “ M——, the commandant of Lisle,
 “ gets the least information of the business you are upon, he will little care
 “ whether you have come on purpose
 “ from your own country to decide an
 “ affair of honour, but send a Sergeant
 “ de

“ de police after you ; and, do you see,
 “ before you can have time to question
 “ the reason, why, and wherefore? you
 “ will find yourselves very poorly ac-
 “ commodated, I assure you.”

It was utterly out of my power to prefer the least shadow of negation ; he was determined to have the matter his own way : and as I stood some chance, thro’ the tumultuous hurry of his discourse, of being instructed in an affair I was unacquainted with, I gave a free loose to his precipitancy.

“ But,” says my Hibernian friend, “ if
 “ you will follow my counsel, take post
 “ horses for the Empress Queen’s domi-
 “ nions ; or, at least, for some place, so
 “ near to the borders of them ; that, in
 “ case your adversary falls, you may”
 [and here he grew facetious] “ contrive
 “ your ground so nicely, that his head
 “ may

“ may lay in one country, and his heels
 “ in the other.”—Very true, I replied;
 I might then, as a reward for my dexte-
 rity, be secure from the police of either
 country.

A little square built, fallow complec-
 tioned man, coming from the hotel, ac-
 costed my Irish acquaintance; who pre-
 sently returned to me, making several
 excuses for having mistaken me for one
 of the two English Gentlemen, who had
 travelled from their own country, on
 purpose to decide an affair of honour
 somewhere in the environs of Lisle.—
 That Gentleman, says he, pointing to the
 little square built man, is Monsieur R—,
 a fencing master, whom one, or both the
 parties have engaged to accompany them
 to the field.

I now recollected there was some
 thing of this kind in agitation, before I
 left England, between Captain F—— and
 Mr.

Mr. S——. I soon found from whence the Irish Captain's mistake arose—he had seen my servant arrive before me, and concluding his master was not far behind, enquired what countryman he was; and having learnt that I was an Englishman, and as he had heard some rumours spread of this duel, conceived I must be the Agamemnon of the day.

However, the mistake he made did not in the least lessen his obliging condescension, to instruct me in every particular, which he thought was requisite for a stranger to know on his visiting Lisle.—I soon had a list of all the English in the town, the *pourquois*, &c. of their residence. Having patiently attended to the secret history of my countrymen; most of whom, I found had formed a consolatory society among themselves, to make amends for the fatal necessity of being compelled to self-

self-banishment from their own country ; he urgently pressed me to accompany him to his house, where a groupe was expected to take their tea with his lady.

Not doubting, but I had fixed on Lille as an asylum; to which, but too many of my countrymen are obliged to fly, when they are forced to purchase their liberty among foreigners, he soon began to talk of cheap lodgings; tradesmen who give long credit; and the most frugal plan of eating my mutton.

Waving his invitation, I offered him breakfast at my hotel the next morning; which he accepted, and parted with me; rejoiced, in having an opportunity, as I thought, of enrolling me among the unfortunate English refugees. I did not undeceive him; though, the opinion, which he seemed to entertain of me, rather mortified my vanity.

Having

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Having some letters to write for England, I seated myself by a crackling wood fire, with paper before me, and every thing comfortable around me in the room, but I could not set pen to paper; I fell into a reverie, and picking my teeth with the feather end of the quill, my brain was busied with these reflections.

By three tomorrow morning!—desperate, indeed!—so cool!—such resolute blood shedding! — famous men! — the page of history may, perhaps, record you to posterity, and your names stand by Hamilton and Mahon*, Bruce and Sackvil, in the list of deliberate and

* The two first, a Duke and a Lord, who fought a duel in Hyde Park; the one was killed on the spot, and the other died in carrying to his coach. The second, a Lord and a Knight, who fought near Antwerp; this is a remarkable duel, and recorded in the *Guardian* as a peculiar instance of obstinate resentment.

honour.

honourable butchers—a fencing master to be present! — What, I suppose, to judge if the devoted party be killed in cart or tierce, and the deed perpetrated by all the nice rules of punctilious science! Curious fancy! Well, Gentlemen, to it pel-mel—and let the bloody shade of Paul Manessi, who cut off the head of Caragusa the Turk, in a famous duel fought in the presence of Scanderbeg's and the Turkish army that were looking on, animate your vengeful bosoms.

It is the custom of the world—cavil and cut throats for a straw—it is in the precise chain of things—the duel must be fought, and then. — Why then, some good will arise from the evil—a man killed now and then, will render us more milky, less ferocious to each other, the bonds of society will be less liable to be broken, and humanity in the end im-

G prove

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prove by it—Honour, honour, how are thy compulsive laws obeyed!

I smiled with Martial.—

Idcinerem, & manes credis curare sepultos?

So thinking no more of the combatants, I finished my letters for England.

CONVERSATION AT BREAKFAST.

THE next morning I was prepared for my Irish Captain—as soon as he entered the room, his eyes took a full survey of my trunk, and other parts of my travelling equipage. My features were the next things he reconnoitered. I have sometimes a tolerable guess by the central position a man puts himself in, how the account stands of favorable or

or unfavorable prepossessions. My Captain, I thought, was more en grand homme than the evening before. I took a small glance at my person in the glass, to see if the exterior had lost any of its dignity; but the arrangement was not discomposed; all was well, and self-approbation played full as invitingly round my heart as usual — What, therefore, should enforce this alteration in my Hibernian, I could not well divine.

“Is it your intention to make some stay at Lisle?” I was not certain, I gravely answered. — “You are on the grand tour, perhaps?” — Not altogether so. — “Travelling is expensive” — Very expensive, I replied. — “You have not brought much equipage” — No — I have only one domestic, and that small valise — “Then, you do not carry much change of dress” — Exactly so, I answered — “But you may get some clothes made here” —

for what end, Sir. — “ Without doubt, “ you mean to visit good company, and “ therefore—you have letters, I suppose?”—I have; to M. de la M—the commandant. Yes. — Ah! ah! ah! I will tell you a pleasant story of M. de la M—, replied my friendly visitor; reassuming at the name of M. de la M— every condescension of freedom. While he was telling his story, I was decyphering the interrogations just made me, and presently I found them thus stated.

Query 1. If I had left my country for manifold, &c. &c. of necessity?

2. If I was an independent traveller on a tour of pleasure?

3. If I was an opulent traveller?

4. If I was a man of figure?

5. Relative to my having letters; to know if I was entitled to the etiquette of distinction.

distinction; and, whether he might venture to be seen in my company in the streets of Lisle, without my brown coat tarnishing the lustre of his Croix de St. Louis?

“ But you have not seen our churches
 “ —we have some fine paintings?”

The horrors of suffering humanity, I could ever wish to turn my eyes from: and when ever I behold the paintings of crucifixes, suffering martyrs, and other representations of human distress; whether the immortal production of a Venetian or Flemish school, though I may praise the inimitable skill of the artist, I condemn every production of genius, which serves but to awaken in me the sympathising pang for misery,

Expressing a desire to see the commanding ground, from whence the Duke

of Marlborough began his attack on Lifle, we paced down the rue Royal, and taking a turn on the esplanade, we were soon joined by a French Officer; who being an acquaintance of my friend's, in all the bon ton of ease, addressed himself thus to me: " Monsieur est apparemment " étranger."—I bowed my head. — He said, he would have the honour to take a turn with us.

Soon penetrating the motives of our walk, the French Officer began on the history of the siege of Lifle, and in a few seconds of time worked himself up to the greatest pitch of military ardour. —No commander in chief could have argued so decisively.—After having assured me, that it was entirely owing to the intrigues of his court, that the Duke of Marlborough's success was so much signalized; and venting a few extraordinary maledictions against the courtizans
of

of Louis XIV. insisting all this time, that he was in the right, he, with the greatest rapidity imaginable, turned commentator on the skill of Vauban, and appeared to be full as great an engineer, as this great master in works of destruction.

The French Officer made an appeal to me; whether, it was not better for France, to have the honour of recovering Lille, the chef d'œuvre of Vauban, than to retain Dunkerque; a nest of smugglers and pilfering burgers. The glory then, I presume, you value, and not the commerce of your nation. — My French Officer would hear nothing of commerce—but ratified his opinion with “Vive la traité d’Utrecht, that has procured us such a fine citadel, bastions, and hornworks.” But of what use, are these immense piles of masonry? I replied.—What brick and mortar is expended on them, and to what end?—to sacrifice

human beings; not at the rate of a few paltry thousands, but in myriads swept off, like insects infesting the face of the earth; and this only to prove, how much superior the system of M. Vauban is, to any of his competitors, in these diabolical systems of defence.

How many brave souls? how many thousands of as good men, as your Vendomes, and our Marlboroughs, have perished on this spot; and what end has this carnage accomplished? the restoration of these ditches to your king, perhaps to act the same scene over again; and the reduction of the strength of a town, which by its commerce could introduce riches into your country, to purchase that glory you pique yourselves upon, without such means of havock and blood shed.

“ If,

“ If,” says the French Officer, “ I had
 “ not known Monsieur to be an English-
 “ man, I should have concluded by his
 “ reasoning, that he was a Dutch mer-
 “ chant.”

The French then, I presume, dislike
 commerce; and yet, methinks, your na-
 tion has made, and still continues to
 make, great struggles for it.—Why was
 your illustrious Colbert immortalised?
 Whence your battles in the four quar-
 ters of the globe? How acquire the
 grand spring to the refined luxury of your
 kingdom?

What, O Frenchman! I secretly ex-
 claimed, do you turn up your nose at
 the very thing which renders your citi-
 zens opulent? and, which clads your
 country in general, with all the fopperies
 you so dearly prize? — Eh bien Mon-
 sieur le Marquis, support your airy glit-
 ter

ter of mock grandeur.—Yes, yes; strut about, and envy the burger his ronion and burgundy.—You may live to see a few years tincture your experience with philosophy and common sense; and, then you will curse the wretched humbug your XIVth. Louis deceived your nation by *.

Mais nous sommes naturellement bel-
liquieux, might, say the Marquis, whom
my imagination had painted, and we
should aggrandize ourselves by conquest
—d'acord, if you had barbarian nations
to deal with; but now, all military pow-
ers are assimilated, and the principles of
Tactics, are as well known by the one as
the other. Your dextrous method of
throwing your francisque † must be for-

* This was written some years back—the times verify the
assertion.—All Europe knows the French are, at this time, in-
volved in a commercial war.

† A weapon made use of, by the antient Franks, with great
expertness.

gotten ;

gotten; you must now handle the same arm as your adversary.

The French Officer perceiving the musing posture I was in, took an opportunity of whispering to my companion; and, at the instant he was turning to me, with a desire of renewing the discourse on the importance of Lisle to his country, the Host past us.—He found I had pulled off my hat, in a very respectful manner, approaching more to internal conformity, than an external ceremony.—*Monfieur* is a Roman Catholic, he replied.—Not I truly.—He seemed very much surprized—but I respect the customs of all the world; more especially, when I become a member of the society which my curiosity leads me to visit.—Ah! ah! ah!—*mais quel ridicule pour nous, to suffer a stranger: and especially, one so polite as you, to be a witness of our absurdities—it is too ridiculous, indeed.*

indeed. — I looked serious — he paused for a reply—I made him none.

You respect our religion for politeness sake, says the Officer—bon—but confess, are you not a little tickled at the mummery practised in it? Not in the least, I replied; that very apparent and ridiculous extravagance, has made you all better citizens than the rest of the world; you are humane, and polite to strangers: your manners more inoffensively gay, and the soul more dilated. You leave to your priests your melancholy thoughts of futurity; a disorder, foe to good company, which spreads the sombre on the countenance; and makes the lugubre such a friendly companion to my own countrymen. Mais comment donc.

Yes, Sir, it is to your fêtes, and your frolicsome tenets of the papistical church, that strangers are so much indebted,

debted to your liberal company; a Frenchman is always pleasant, and his gaiety is not the effect of his education, but his religion: he has nothing to fear on the drawback of futurity, from the ample credence which he has reposed in his confessor.—Thus he can go dancing to Heaven; while, we protestants, with all the weight of our transgressions, which we bear on our own shoulders, lounge through a life of dejection, and appear always with the most saturnine tempers—that is, we who are religious bien entendue Monsieur. “Ah! ah! ah!” the French Officer laughing, “you have given a pleasant tournure to the discourse—c’est bien comique.—I like your doctrine better than my friend Voltaire—his Dictionnaire Philosophique can not produce so good a chapter on the score of religion—and so polite, in praise of the French nation”!

“Cet

“Cet un grand homme ce Voltaire”
 —He may very possibly be a great man, in the opinion of some people, I replied rather coldly. “Quoi donc! you do not admire Voltaire”. — Not I truly, Sir; for having been so great an enemy to your country, to your holidays, your madrigals, your jubilees, and all the amusing scenes of the church of Rome.

The French Officer was very attentive — I still kept on. — Believe me, Sir, if there were less Christianity in your country, you would be a less captivating people. — I love a whimsical society, and always make it a rule to shun a clouded countenance.

Voltaire has embittered your cup of religion—he is a Cynic, and yet he is always jesting—he quarrels with men about the very thing that reconciles them to their existence—his advocates are disgusted

gusted with the world, and he laughs people out of their faith and confidence in religious duties. The Marquis hummed a tune.—I put his politeness to the test—he fancied me dull. —I could not drop the subject, but grew more serious.

The world must necessarily have a very cheerless appearance to those, who only live for the completion of self-gratification, and the pleasures of this life. —If there be no extra mundane ties on society; how do we vary in nature from the quadrupede, whose flanks are galled by our petulant chastisements?—Terrible reflection!

Believe me, Sir, how much soever you may fancy yourselves to have cause for derision and dissatisfaction at the happy supremacy of your church, and fire your squibs of pleasantry at popes, prelates, or the whole congregation of
your

your religious orders; it is from the evil you rail at, that you derive your skill in charming strangers, with your conversations that never give ennui, and your attentions that please all the world.

“ C'est bien drole tout cel ci”.—I believe the French Officer was a profelyte to my novel doctrine—he dropped the name of Voltaire, gave me a look, to mark his approbation, stroked the chitlerlin of his shirt, and started the subject of a new opera.

At my return to my hotel, I was pressed by my Irish friend to drop that evening into the English circle; and, by the French Officer, to accompany him to the theatre; but I took my congé of both.

I was some how or other disgusted with this town, before I had scarce set
my

my feet in it. A Valet de place accosted me with the title of, Mi Lor, with a malicious grin on his countenance, the moment I was alighting from my Barouche—the fellow seemed to be the epitome of a whole community: it was a shabby presage for a stranger—I work'd it in my mind, and nothing favorable presenting itself on the subject, I threw myself down in a lounging posture, uncertain whether to proceed on my tour, or to take up my residence some little time in the chef d'œuvre of Mr. Vauban, and study the rights of this engineer's pre-eminence—took out of my pocket book a scrap of a manuscript, with remarks on several towns, which had been put into my hands by a friend, who lived some years in Lisle; and who travelled over most parts of Europe en vrai philosophe sans soucie.

H

LISLE,

L I S L E,

“A LARGE fortified town, in French
 “Flanders.”—“Plague on the to-
 “pography and history of it! I only
 “vouchsafe to say, that at the conclu-
 “sion of the last successful war with
 “France, when the name of English-
 “men commanded implicit respect, its
 “burgers were unsuspicious, and confi-
 “ded in the splendid riches of our na-
 “tion at large, which their light imagina-
 “tions made them believe, to be particu-
 “larised in individuals; then, I say, Eng-
 “lishmen were here courted and respect-
 “ed; but this exotic and pleasing urbanity
 “was soon abused; culprits fled hither, and
 “degraded

“ degraded the name of a Briton; imposed
 “ on the credulous tradesman, who, from
 “ one extreme, hath fallen into the opposite
 “ one; and, now all the English visitors of
 “ this place, are indiscriminately grouped
 “ under the disgraceful title of echapeurs
 “ du potence.”

I read enough—for comparing the grin of the Valet de place with this remark of my friend, I ordered post horses, and scampered away on my road to Bruxelles; and as to my letter to M. de la M——, I thought it was of very little consequence, to prove to the good company of Lisle, that England could produce, now and then, a subject, to deface bad impressions, and who was tout autre chose, than a miserable outcast of his country.

I confess I glowed and swelled with pride and indignation, like a turkey

cock, at the thoughts of spending my money and time at this place; that is, by the bye, if I had either to spend; to shew the inhabitants how much the stain on the character of Englishmen, could be done away, by the most distinguishing deeds of liberality and scrupulous integrity.

Reform thyself, and not the world; so take yourself away—with this reflection I left Lisle; and turned my tail on the skill of Vauban.

C O U R T R A Y.

WHILE I was changing horses, I was peculiarly stricken with the singular impatience of a passenger, for the departure of the diligence: I observed him to intreat his companions, with a gentleness and elegant courtesy, to hasten the same—then he flew to the landlord, to give his commands to the driver; then to the driver himself; then to the stable, to see if the horses were harnessed; then to the gateway, biting his nails, and walking backwards and forwards, much agitated.—His countenance was urgently thoughtful—his complexion livid; his eyes sunk into his head, and over-

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arched with a large circular and black brow—his look altogether, seemed haggard through fatigue, and an inward dejection, which preyed upon him.—I judged him to be about five and thirty years of age—he was genteel—above the common in his manner; but very negligently attired—in short, his appearance touched me home, and awakened my curiosity.

Mort de Dieu! cried the Flemish Whip, that there was a little more patience in the world.—It would be a six fous out of your pocket, if there was, I thought within myself; for I observed the impatient passenger to give him that little sum, as a stimulus to accelerate his motions.

A difficulty arose, which increased the stranger's impatience beyond all bounds—he was almost mad with disappointment; for, as the diligence
was

was preparing to set off, a female passenger was unfortunately missing; who, having some business in the town, absented herself 'till the usual time of its departure—and now the driver declared, it was absolutely impossible to set off before the clock struck a certain hour, the stated time for its departure, unless Madame arrived.

My Barouche was, at this instant, drawing up to the door; and, as curiosity was fermenting, just as strong in me, as impatience in the passenger, I offered him a seat in it; concluding, Ghent was his next station.

There was a polite gratitude in the manner with which he accompanied his simple thanks; and he flew like an arrow to the diligence, snatching out of it a small valise—we ascended our vehicle, and it moved in time to the impetuosity

of my companion's wishes.—A cloud of melancholy soon overshadowed his countenance; his eyes were immovably fixed, and thought seemed busy within him.—This torpor continued upon him the greatest part of our stage to Ghent; excepting, that now and then, it was broken by a few polite expressions, to convince me of the greatness of his obligations.

I could not avoid puzzling my brain about the character of this man; turning in my head over and over, the motives that could possibly ferment such great impatience to arrive at the end of his journey.

There was education in his look; which made me address him with,

Aurum per medios ire satellites
Et perumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo —

But

But your present had not the power to procure the departure of the diligence—Horace is certainly right, answered my companion—the bribe was only of silver—the power of gold, doubtless, would have conquered the drivers scruples about the Lady—he would have driven off without her—but when a man is in haste, I replied, he should not travel in a Flemish diligence—but this, says my companion, is the only convenience, when our bad fortune will not permit us to purchase a more expeditious one—*pour moi les deniers me manque*, I am as poor as a church mouse; and this is another reason for my wishing to be at the end of my journey; where, God be thanked! I should have—Yes, says my stranger, making a reflective pause, and repeating the words, “I should have some of this world’s trifles”.—Here, he turned up his eyes with a groan, shrugged

ged up his shoulders, and pressed his hand on his knees—

And, why that piteous miserable look?
—thy home, and this world's comforts
too!—yet this drew forth—

— A sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being.—

It is unique, I thought, that of all the Frenchmen I ever met with in my life, the natural character of the nation should prevail so little in my fellow-traveller, barring the shrug of his shoulder, and the wan meagre countenance, there was nothing Gallic in him. The French, even in their most awful periods of distress—discover certain intervals, in which the traits of their native cheerfulness are conspicuous; but the spirit of my companion

panion seemed enveloped in an endless gloom.—

The subjects we conversed on were not much diversified, and rather confined to the classics.—He seemed well read, and his remarks were tinged with judgment.—In the course of that natural and innocent vanity, of displaying our little store of learning, I could not suppress the effect which the eighth Ode of Horace had upon me, which my companion repeated with no small degree of energy—he said it was his favorite Ode when he was once in love.—It was like the protasis of antient drama to me, where the subject of the piece became entertaining—it suspended for some time our conversation, and proved a most powerful advocate for the romantic feelings I was brooding upon.—Ay, says I.—

Cur neque militaris

Inter equales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis ↓

Temperet ora frænis?

As I live, this is a person above the common rank of people; whom love, at a particular period of his life, has cruelly forced into some affecting adventure; and perhaps driven, by the fascinating charms of a Lydia, into a desperate path of fortune—he is certainly tout autre homme, than his appearance announces—so, while I was finishing my pedantry with,

Quid latet, ut marinæ

Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lachrymosa Troja

Funera, ne virilis

Cultus in cædem & Lycias proriperet catervas?

and positively settled in my mind, that this was actually the true case, I found the Barouche entering Ghent.

There

There are ever circumstances to disappoint the wishes of those, who have the world to run through—which, by the bye, is something like travelling through this part of Flanders; where we find post horses heavy and slow: and, in my opinion, every thing cheerless and comfortless in the inns; grass growing in the centre of towns: and, all the arts and sciences, uncultivated, as their streets are neglected by the industrious footsteps of man.—I was flattering myself, with learning the historic feats of my dejected companion; when I found myself, on my arrival at Ghent, ready to be robbed of this *bon bouche* for my curiosity.—As for myself, I can scarcely reconcile these mortifications, about which nine tenths of the world do not care a German *krüytzer*.

G H E N T.

G H E N T.

WE drove to the hotel on the place
 —the stranger ordering his va-
 life to the care of a servant, proposed
 paying his share of the horses—this I pe-
 remptorily refused — Are you for Brux-
 elles?—A question I forgot to make him
 till this instant.—Eager expectation arose
 in my countenance—I raged for an affir-
 mative—Monfieur est il pour Bruxelles?
 —Ci fait.—Then the business is settled, I
 replied—Allons—shall I once more have
 the honour of accommodating Monfieur
 —with all his heart, but not on my terms:
 —assuring him, that no obstacle should
 deprive

deprive me of his company—I ordered post horses.

The Los-Rois regiment was drawn up on the square—while the horses were putting to, I was meditating on their manœuvres.—

O rare Austrian discipline—divine severity, which can so uniformly fashion mankind for blood and slaughter.— O ho! but you are the defenders of your country, and not wanton butchers of an enemy of your own creating—ah! ah! ah! excellent apology indeed!

When the sulphureous hero of Brandenburg, by his near approach to the capital of Austria, alarmed the Dutch spirited Francis, at a card party in his palace, there was then some truth in this epithet—you were then justly stiled,
the

the defenders of your country — Brown lost his life before Prague, in the gallant defence which he made; and Coulen made you famous in history — notwithstanding your long sham, and black plastered whiskers, for the sake of carrying on your military farce, I will allow you to have had some virtue, when under Daun you took ten thousand of the blue coated plunderers at Maxen — 'tis true, you then confessed for the first time to the military world, that the name of General consisted in such a humane defeat of a banditti, and not in the great effusion of blood, which crimsoned the field of Torgau,* from whence

* It is to be remarked, that at the battle of Torgau, the king of Prussia marched up the élite of his troops, which consisted of several bodies of grenadiers, to the attack of the Austrian artillery, posted on the right wing—the loss was immense, and the scene replete with horror—for as these fine fellows moved in all that rigid order of firmness, compatible with the severest discipline, whole ranks fell by the heavy showers of grape shot, one upon the other, almost in the same line they marched upon;

over

a laurel was culled to adorn the conquering brow of a Frederick.—Abstracted from this, you are great Tacticians, and very fierce fellows—so I wish you as much amusement as your profession can possibly afford.—

Turning my back on the Los-Rios regiment, and looking towards the hotel, I discovered my fellow traveller making a most extraordinary animated salutation to an elderly respectable looking person, who had just at that instant recognized him. — The rencontre was not an usual one, nor did it seem to be a meeting of two common friends. — The old gentleman, when he first approached my companion, threw his arms round his neck,

over which, reinforcements of the like brave men, were incessantly pushed, and incessantly slaughtered—What a sacrifice! — and what, O Frederick! hast thou to answer for, if this catastrophe, was the result of blunder, obstinacy, or caprice?

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and

and saluted him on the cheek — then inclosing his hand between his, he held it for some time, expressing his surprize, and looking him in the face with a most interesting inquisitiveness.—I was at too great a distance to over-hear many of his expressions: and the only words I could well put together were, *Mon Dieu que c'est etonnant*, which the old gentleman pronounced with an emphatical warmth.

Struck with this ejaculation ! my mind replete with a variety of conjectures; which, on my first setting eyes on the stranger, had rushed upon me, I was in the most tormenting state of suspense. —The more I contemplated this interview of the two friends, the more I fancied myself bound in obedience to that speculation, so necessary for the conduct of man, in the strange meanderings

drings of life, to come at the denouement of the piece I was working upon.

So losing no time, I was soon at the ear of Monsieur Le Hôte, and my inquisitive disposition greatly alleviated, by his answer, that the respectable personage in conversation with my Courtray companion, was a Parisian counsellor, and was a lodger at his house.

This answer set the machine afresh to work, which soon spun out a most exquisite fine woof of curiosity—but, alas! the threads were entangled in the wheels, and the whole at a stand still. I was now in a worse situation than before—the Qui and the Quoi of my companion, so much puzzled my brain, that I was constrained to pull out a snuff box, and with the two first fingers of my right hand, laying and playing conceitedly on the

sham lid of or molu, I turned up my eyes in a vacuum of thought.

When we find ourselves embarrassed in an intricate business, we fancy the solution is to be found in a few grains of stinking fine rubbed tobacco.—It was just my case; I snuffed, and I snuffed, but the tickling dust could not clear my brain—it was not so easily awakened with the insignificant particles.

Monseigneur Le Hôte saw my confusion, and seemed concerned for my situation; therefore, as he would not appear to be a witness of my stupid suspense, he turned his eyes on my companion and his friend—Et qui est Monsieur, he suddenly replied—I could not help inwardly smiling, perceiving, that he was now lead into the same scrape as myself, and his curiosity strongly at warfare within him. I am in as bad a plight as you, Mr. Landlord.

lord.—What, says he, do you not know Monsieur?—I perfectly understood him; this was giving me to understand, how strange it was, that a man did not know his *compagnion de voyage*. Indeed, this ignorance for a foreigner, would have been unpardonable; but, as I was one of furly John Bull's countrymen, it rather altered the case; yet, this did not enter the landlord's consideration.—However, I received his stare of surprise, and answered with a smile, that I would give the world, if I had par rapport a Monsieur, my *compagnion de voyage*, the laconic answer of the snarling Switzer to the pert Parisian's interrogations*.

The Ghent landlord shewed himself a courtier in intrigue—for briskly leaving me in a most clouded reverie, and taking

* Qui est tu ? D'ou viens tu ? Ou va tu ? Que veut tu ?

advantage of the counsellor's departure, with a smirking bow, he accosted him.

The plot was now ripening, and the dear gratification of my curious nature almost within my grasp: I do not believe it possible, if the most momentous incident in the life of man, had depended on the landlord's return, that I could have felt the power of impatience stronger than at this instant.

He soon returned, and delivered in his report—I confess his information did not much surprize me—I now found my companion was no less than a man of rank—he was the Count de C——.

This was acquiring only the first part of the Switzer replication, and but served to make my curiosity ten fold more irresistible.

The

The carriage was ready — all things settled; and after the Count de C—— had received many very respectful sagacious inflexions of body, arms, and head, of Monsieur Le Hôte; as much as to say, Ah! ah! Mr. Le Comte, your disguise does not conceal you, the postillions noised us out of the town.—

The Count took notice of the great profundity of the landlord's bow; observing, with what expressive politeness it was accompanied. — They have a select collection of salutations, I replied, from the mênû passenger, to the clattering Prince of the blood; which are generally bestowed according to the rank of the personage.—If egregious civility is a mark of high rank, answered the Count, I can certainly be no less than a Prince of the blood; that is, if I may judge by the landlord's gesticulations.— I told the Count, I thought he com-

manded them as his right.—Here I can not forget the side glance he gave at his person—this was extremely natural—it was to discern whether the ensemble of the man had made this favorable impression on me; and, if it was possible, that his exterior could have exacted the landlord's respectful behaviour.—I confess, I should have been pleased to have discovered what his self-love whispered about it, or, whether his suspicions had taken another turn.

Although I was prodigiously desirous of solving the enigmatical appearance of the Count, still I was resolved not to make my openings with the least shadow of indelicacy, but to wait till some familiar incident would gently slide me into the whole mystery. Brim-full with thought, and ruminating on our accidental meeting, a short silence took place.—It was fatal to my feelings, yet fortunate
in

in the event. I ever, in the course of my life, have found it impossible to finish any very interesting business, without some cursed blunders, totally deranging my plan, and setting some fresh spring to work in my behalf — this was my present case — for being greatly agitated in the contrivance of some gentle and flexible method of satisfying my curiosity about the appearance of my companion, that Mr. Le Comte, and Mr. Le Comte, made the most principal links in the chain of my ideas:—in short, nothing but Mr. Le Comte was uppermost—so, that in turning my head to the Count, I exclaimed, sensible of my own silence, that Mr. Le Comte was *reueur*.

The Count started, and a crimson suffusion darted into his looks—the blunder was past redemption—however, an opening was made, and I felt myself happy,
 though

though not intentionally, of having so soon begun the attack.—He was restless, his eyes were importunate; and, before I permitted the verbal mark of his surprize to take place, I gave him to understand, that, as the knowledge of his person had unintentionally been manifested to him, that I would satisfy him on the particulars of my knowing him to be the Count de C——.

When I had informed him of the embassy of the Ghent landlord to the Parisian Counsellor, and, that my curiosity was the result of a prepossession in his favour, his countenance rather brightened; and, from a look of timid concern, he cheerfully and voluntarily began the following anecdote.—

ANECDOTE of the Count de C—.

'TIS true—the person you see in your company, is the unfortunate Count de C—, returning to his friends from a miserable and long imprisonment—he sighed—it was a pang from the utmost boundary of his soul—a suspiration not soliciting condolence, and which seemed, a friend to genuine, unaffected grief—it was a silent groan, sent from a region, where melancholy and iron distress had long sojourned—it struck upon the strings of my heart, and served as a preface to a history, where truth, and real misfortunes, were painted.

Twelve years have I languished in a prison.—Yes, Sir; I have been lost all that time, to parents, to friends, to the
 gay

gay and flattering pleasures of life—eh, mon Dieu ! excuse this weakness : I have been lost to a much-beloved fair one, who was snatched from these arms, at the critical period, when connubial tenderness was ready to revel in our bosoms — a prison opened its horrid jaw — and concealed this ill-fated being from the world — from that accursed instant, I have been plunged in a region of darkness—no—not the smallest tidings, that relate to my family, have transpired to me—and, ah ! too wretched mortal, that I am ! they have been ignorant of my hapless destiny—I vanished from the fond hope of my parents—I was torn from my Louisa—but the eternal being will punish the offending mortal, and with his unerring scourge of justice, compel him to rue the black trespass he has committed,

I am

I am as weak as a child when I relate my sufferings — the rigour of captivity has shaken my manhood. I am rendered fragile with the embittered cup of sorrow—the days of my youth have been blown away in anguish, and gaunt sickness has prepared my tottering constitution for the grave.

If a moral reflection had not sprung to my assistance, at this instant, I believe I should have cursed my singular, curious disposition, for engaging me in this affecting rencontre; or, have drawn the out-lines of his story from him, without the minute pathos he was working upon me with. Thus fancy procured me a soulagement—and here let me remark to the world, the necessity of decking real feeling in the garb of fancy.—When you feel for real distress, treat it as I do; or, give me leave to assure you, Mr. World, there will be no great difference

rence between a stranger's calamity and your own better fortune.

It is a romance, thought I, written by an idle hussey of a Lady's maid, waiting for the return of her mistress from some midnight circle of dissipation—or a dream—Why true—the actions of men are dreams—their woeful ditties—their pleasing jubilees of happiness are visions—the real pang of to-day, is the unsubstantial pressure of the morrow—then, why turn my eyes from the interesting plaintive look of the Count, or my ears from the harrowing sound of his tale.

Twelve long years to have been debarred the light of the sun, and all social commerce with my fellow creatures, surely ought to dry up the organs of my soul;—such a long course of suffering should have made callous my feelings, and stern philosophy should have soared
above

above this worldly wretchedness. Seneca says, "a long course of adversity has this good in it; though it mortifies the body a great while, it comes to harden it at last";—but I have not found his reflection just: for, I am, at this instant, as weak as a child, and feel my sufferings with the same acuteness as at the hour I first was initiated into them.—And we are all of us as weak as children, Mr. Le Comte, I replied; true it is, we do not grieve at the same infantine crosses, that troubled us in our nurses arms; but, we have habituated griefs, in spite of Seneca, which will render flexible our sensitive powers. —Ah, Monsieur, replied the Count, we are all of us subject to misfortunes, and most of us feel them—and there are some wretched beings singled out to feel a pre-eminent distress.—

I sym-

I sympathized with the dull gloom of his temper, and patiently waited a more chearful return.

I arrived at a small town in Picardy, continued the Count, in the year 1762, on my tour to the Netherlands. I undertook this tour at the solicitation of a much-loved father, who recommended this change of scene, to prepare my mind, for a repulse I was to receive from the uncle and guardian, of a young Lady, with whom my father was negotiating a treaty of marriage.

In the course of my correspondence with my father and my Louisa, I found the marriage contract lose ground daily, and a black storm gathering a pace, which would, in all probability, soon burst on some of the parties. Louisa, and myself, seemed to be the devoted—

we

we were the only victims, who could possibly suffer in the cause. My Louisa had a considerable fortune independent of her uncle, which he insisted should be settled upon her and her children; plausibly setting forth the imprudence of intrusting the same to youthful levity and extravagance — this, my dear father would have acquiesced in, if Louisa had not considered the proposal unjust, and the power of an uncle unlawfully manifested—knowing her right of administering in the particulars of her fortune, in the manner which best pleased herself, she opposed with spirit this strange resolution of her guardian — in consequence of my Louisa's remonstrance, my father protested against the stipulated terms in the contract.

The uncle of Louisa was a financier for government, and held likewise some post in the *fermes*—he had vested the
K
fortune

fortune of his ward, ever since her earliest infancy in a government fund; but it was, at this time, drawn from thence, and engaged in a contract for a supply of subsistence to the army. The guardian apprehensive of being obliged to realize this fortune, for the accomplishment of the marriage: and interest, which is too often the case, weighing stronger with him than a scrupulous regard to the exact principles of probity, made him resolve on a rupture with my father, and to encourage the addresses of the young Count de M——, whose father was actually a compère with him in the transactions of the cabinet.

The Count de M—— was with his regiment, and on the change of our affairs was sent for to Paris. The guardian of Louisa turned the tables against us on his arrival, and soon won the Count's father into his terms.

My

My Louisa sensible of the insurmountable obstacle which had sprung up, and to avoid on one side the sophisticated reasons of her uncle to palliate his conduct, and the disgusting love professions and importunities of the young Count on the other, resolved to fly from the detested scene into the unfortunate arms of her C—:

At a critical instant of despair, when I was musing over a melancholy and affectionate epistle from my father on the fatal turn of our affairs, the lovely fugitive Louisa entered my room—judge of the emotion my soul experienced—rapture in the extreme!—but, alas! it was only a prelude to an accumulation of uncommon misfortunes.—

Ah! Monsieur, we should bear the reverses, the interesting changes of life

with placid meekness — we have little cause for exultation—great joy is oftentimes the harbinger of a severe contrast of the passions; at least, I have felt it—but I beg pardon for my dull morality: in short, had a synod of angels resolved on delegating supreme happiness to a favoured mortal in this world, it was impossible for him to be more blessed than myself in the possession of my Louisa.

MELL.

M E L L.

AT this interesting period of the Count's story, one of the Flanders horses stumbled, and as nimbleness to recover a blunder of the kind is not a criterion of a Flemish horse, he fell as suddenly on the ground, as if a cannon ball had shot his head off, and rolled grunting on his flabby side; the ropes, which served for traces, were entangled round his confounded clumsy carcass, and before it was possible to clear the beast, by the assistance of a very alert postillion, we were obliged to cut them afunder.—

I was not sorry for this accident—the Count had arrived at a critical part of his story—his face lengthened, and his voice faltered;—in short, he claimed much too great a share of my participating functions—I was moved, and the accident of this beast admitted of a friendly suspension.—

This misfortune, cries the active postillion, looking on the right hand side of the road, puts me in mind of a much greater, which happened on this very spot, and in which I was a fellow sufferer.—I believe, says he, that is the identical ditch, a confounded French bullet laid me sprawling in.—How so, says I, my good friend?—I was a sutler's boy, he answered, and followed with my father, the unfortunate English regiments, which suffered so much on this spot* ;

* This place, where Blythe's regiment, and five others suffered so much by the French, is called Mell, from a religious edifice

there, says he, pointing to a little wood, two or three hundred yards distant from the spot, the English are buried. — But how came you to follow the English army? My father was a Dutchman, he replied, and sold gin to the soldiers.

We soon ascended our vehicle, and, as I found by the Count's features, that he was something more braced for the continuation of his misfortunes, I encouraged him to proceed.

fice by the road side. These unfortunate regiments had just retreated from the battle of Fountenoy, and were on their march from their head quarters at Alost to Ghent, when they were attacked by a strong body of the French army in ambuscade. The van guard of the Allied army was composed of the Queen of Hungary's huzzars, commanded by general Mulk, and suffered to pass quietly; but when the main body of the English made its appearance, it received a fire of grape shot from fifteen pieces of artillery, and small arms, planted on the turn of the road, to infiltrate the line of march — the slaughter may be judged of by the slain, — between six or seven hundred of our troops were killed on the spot.

Elated with the possession of my Louisa, I was hurrying out of my hotel for the preparation of the solemnity of our wedding; when, to my utmost surprise, I beheld an equipage drive past me into the yard, and recognized the uncle of Louisa and the Count de M—— in it.— I had just time to run to Louisa to prepare her for the incident—she dropped senseless on the ground.—I stood motionless over her, with an out-stretched arm for her relief—in this situation, the enemies of two unfortunate lovers burst into the room—I was armed—and I was the protector of my Louisa—of a woman, who had thrown herself into my arms, and I had sealed that protection with the tenderest love.—Let the man stand forth, who dared to rob me of the sacred trust.—I treated with contempt her pursuers threats, and I opposed their violence.— The Count de M—— dropped at my feet—the uncle of Louisa was wounded
by

by my sword—the house was alarmed, and crouds of people pressed into the room.

In this critical situation she was torn from me—and since that affecting, that melting instant of peculiar distress, these eyes have not beheld her—the sad narration of her subsequent fortune, as if inclosed in the dark volume of mysterious fate, hath never been revealed to me.—Judge then, ye prescient powers! who beam your wills on the pangs of the broken hearted sufferers of this world, what hath been my share of woe—when I repeat it.—*Mon Dieu que je me suis attendri!* and yet the world can produce strange stoic philosophers, to ridicule these poignant feelings of man.

I would down with them to the fiends, could I but find them, *Monfieur le Comte*—was my answer of sympathy.

The

The Count in continuation. — The name of guardian to the Lady, and my youthful appearance, argued the cause too powerfully against me. The uncle produced a letter de cachet to the spectators, which he had procured to rescue his niece, in case his attempt met with any obstacle ; and the Bastile received the wretched lover of Louisa—a prison buried the living C—; perhaps, under whose abhorred walls, a broken-hearted father has walked, unconscious that his long-lost son breathed but a few paces from him.

On the accession of Louis XVI. and on the death of Louisa's uncle ; whose court influence prevailed so much against my liberty, I was released.

At the instant I breathed the pure air of freedom, I flew to my father's house. My God ! what an impatient agony of transport was raging within me.—I am at
a loss

a loss how to paint the human heart on this event. — At my arrival, I found strangers had occupied my paternal mansion—a thousand fears oppressed my soul, yet balmy hope gave me courage. — I made enquiries after him, and found he had left Paris some years back, and resided at Bruxelles.

When ever I think of my Louisa, O Sir! the most excruciating torment of mind unstrings every sinew of my manhood; and before I can take courage to make enquiries concerning her history, I must first pour out my sorrows into the bosom of a long-lost and ever-dear parent.—Hélas! que dis je—I may have lost that parent—time—time—thou art but too often an awful disposer of the events of human life.—

Here I preached up the doctrine of Candide; and I may venture to say, it
was

was the only doctrine of Le Sieur Voltaire that ever operated any good.—

Though the emotion of the Count, in the recitation of his history, seemed rather suppressed by my argument; yet, he was unwilling to declare, that All was for the best.—I still argued, but I could not convince him;—therefore, to follow the beaten track of all argumentators before me, I bestrode my friendly mule, and exclaimed—Yes, Mr. Le Comte, All is for the best; and all shall be for the best!—A few hours, replied the Count, perhaps, will soon determine the truth of Candide's philosophy:—in short, says he, you thus see me on my critical journey to Bruxelles.

The EXECUTION near ALOEST.

THE carriage was approaching Aloest, and the town in sight, when I heard my little active postillion calling to his companion, *On va faire la justice.* — Looking forwards, I perceived a croud, and actually discovered the criminal.

In consequence of the miserable scene before us, the Count made some observations on the administration of justice at Aloest — that breaking on the wheel, hanging, and cutting off heads, were as familiar a sight to the inhabitants, as the numberless executions are to English spectators.

spectators in the vicinity of Tyburn.—
 Est il vrai que vous Messieurs les Anglois
 pendent vos compatriotes comme vos
 chiens?—It is not the result of rigid justice, I replied, that executions are so
 common with the English.—Our capital
 is large; it is consequently a lure for
 vice, and where a city is much peopled,
 the flagitious and well disposed must be
 equally blended, and therefore frequent
 punishments necessarily take place;—besides, Monsieur Le Comte, the English
 are not sufficiently afraid of violating the
 laws of their country.

The Count shook his head and smiled
 —confessing that the English were a
 brave people; and, as they had so often
 exemplified their courage under their
 standard in the field of battle, he readily
 believed the intimidations from justice
 might not have a sufficient effect upon
 them—therefore, he conceived the Eng-
 lish

lish did not hang their countrymen like dogs, but that their native bravery was the unhappy consequence of such fatal effects. I bowed my head; returning thanks for the compliment.

See, says the Count, pointing with his finger to a large stone gallows near the road side, if I have not spoken truth of the magistracy of Aloest. Ce potence n'est pas menteur. One might fancy the town had been decimated by the number of bodies hanging upon it.

I ordered my Barouche to stop for the croud to pass.—And what does this poor wretch suffer for? was my question, to a decent odd looking quiz of a mechanic?—That Monsieur le Diable may have the satisfaction de combler Monsieur le Juge with a multiplicity of civilities, when he has the opportunity of being amused with the agréments of the lower regions,
was

was the answer.—The man did not look pert or presuming; but resting his hand on the chaise door, he told me in a more serious tone of voice, that it was a *trepas*, which did not reflect much honour on humanity; for the sentence of the young man, was considered by the town in general, as the severest that had been passed these many years.—Nos Messieurs de Robe, do not remain long in their consultations about taking away a man's life. — 'Tis true, we have not many thieves, but we have many executions to deter them. Thou art, my friend, I thought, very severe on the Aloest judges; but as I was anxious for the departure of the Barouche, on account of the interesting dispatch of the Count, I hurried this friendly espouser of an unfortunate man's cause, to the particulars of the execution.

It

It is for stealing a wretched coat, not worth the labour of a taylor's repair—le pou d'un gueux y prenant son sejour auroit été disgracé. I saw it myself, for I attended the trial.—Maudit soit la stratagème.—It was the coat of his master, with which he disguised himself on a frolicsome visit to his mistress—malheureux tour del a jeunesse! the friends of the unfortunate girl not knowing the errand he came upon, conveyed him before the magistrate—his master swore to the coat—his disguise was interpreted into the trick of a thief—it was in vain for the poor girl to plead in the behalf of her lover—the merciless judge had no compassion—but when the devil puts his hand to a piece of work, he generally compleats it in a masterly manner; and what proves the truth of this saying is, they were to have joined hands the next day—their intended nuptials were proved by a minister, who

L

volun.

voluntarily deposed the same in open court.—This, the over-sighted judge considered as a trick to save the young man, and resting the case on the certainty, that the coat was taken without the owner's leave, he found it sufficient to hang him.—The youth, you see, must suffer; and the unhappy maid, his beloved, is now in convulsions, dying of grief and love, in the arms of her lamenting inconsolable friends.—

The Barouche drove off, and hurried from the gloomy sight, a man, whose soul was miserably tortured with pity and indignation.—

Had the tear trickled down my cheek at this event, would you, ye calm considerers of the events of human life, have called me weak and childish?

Stand

Ms 246



D. del. et ex.

A.A. Ruins of ATUATUCA.



Stand forth, thou mortal! whose peculiar delight is found in the sufferings of the wretched.—Say S——, would thy heart be elate with rapture, at the pangs of this unfortunate citizen of Aloest.

A L O E S T.

GRAND Dieu que c'est affligeant le cas de ce jeune homme. — The Count forgot his twelve years imprisonment in the Bastile—the groan of humanity awhile obliterated from his thought the present big moment of his life—I could have clasped the Count to my bosom.

I was not equal to the task—to suppress the throbbings of my own heart, and to prepare comfort for the Count was too much.—We both stood in need of relief; and here give me leave to observe,

observe, that the only alleviation which suggested itself, was a good application of a flesh brush.—

Why a flesh brush?

The animal spirits, which are impartially distributed throughout the frame, whenever we give way to the extreme of affection, on a sudden grow stagnate, the blood becomes sluggish, and all our organs of brisk animation are relaxed, it is then we benefit by a flesh brush *—thus

* I have myself, in the case of a nervous disorder, which, *entre nous*, is something analogous to the case before us, greatly benefited by the friction of flannels.—This Dr. C—— prescribed for me.—Indeed, this operation should be more properly styled compression, than friction; be it said, in honour to the sagacious Doctor, that he recommends a gentle compression of the members with flannel gloves, which hurries the blood in rampant courses through the fine ducts and capillary vessels. The operation of a flesh brush is merely cutaneous; whereas, flannel compression diffuses the *vis vitæ* throughout the whole mass.

we may physically account for the much-admired property of our hearts, and suspend our veneration, when puling beings, like myself, covet praise for that virtue, which is only peculiar to the laziness of the blood, and not to the commendable quality of the brain — therefore, in proportion to the greater increase or decay of the animal spirits, the heart is elated to repel, or depressed to receive the feelings of misery. — From this natural deduction of true causes to their concomitant effects, what a pleasant circumstance it would be to assert, that the steel-shod hearts of heroes may be acquired by a flesh brush; and the relaxed organs of the nervous mortal, whose heart palpitates with grief, when the worm is trodden to death under his feet, be sufficiently braced to receive the most horrid impressions of cruelty, without enduring the qualms of much pity and compassion.

But

But I found a succedaneum for the flesh brush—it was possible, that the story of the mechanic might be exaggerated, and the Aloest judge have studied the jus-gentium of Puffendorf. — Had the story of the mechanic been exaggerated, why then the youth was not so great an object of my compassion.—Had the judge reasoned from Puffendorf, his judgment might have borne the blame, and not the merciless quality of his nature *.

* Respecting the degree of punishment, considered in itself, humanity strongly demands, as much as possible, the mitigation of it. But yet the welfare of the state, and public security, will sometimes enforce an increase of its rigour: when, for example, there be a necessity of stopping the course of a vice, which gains ground; or, the suppression of a crime, pernicious in the extreme to a community. But, in what ever manner, and for what ever reason, punishment is inflicted, the same should be sufficiently great to avert the intentions of men from the desire of committing a crime, which their laws condemn.

PUFF. lib. ii. ch. xiii. § xvii.

Puffendorf and the mechanic alternatively occupying my thoughts, I entered Aloest better pleased than I expected.

As I drove into the town, I saw many people performing their daily avocations, with as much seeming unconcern, as if the solemn procession that had just passed had been a common spectacle among them. — Why then, thought I, you are all of you a set of thieves, and there is no deterring you by example: and the Messieurs de la Robe may full as well amuse themselves with the baudy tales of Fontaine, as the sublime equity of Puffendorf.

I expected every corner of the town would have thronged with curious inquisitors, horrible narrators, and departing spectators.—All was hush'd!—every citizen I cast my eyes upon, seemed unconscious, that Madam Justice had
changed

changed her blunted sword of mercy, for the sharp pointed dagger of Aloest cruelty.

For Bruxelles—the day drizzling rain, the mechanic's story true, and confirmed at the inn.—Uncertain whether the judge had read Puffendorf.—The Count horribly thoughtful—myself indisposed with my old inseparable hypochondriacal companion; and beset, I believe, with every devil in the Pandemonium catalogue.—Fal deral la, tal deral la.—It is beyond the art of Dr. C——, and the flesh brush, to relieve me—I am incurable.

It is a falsity—I was never in a better humour in my life, from the following incident.—A fig for Doctor C——, and his flannels.

A broad shouldered, and fat, chubby-faced postillion, who sat next to us, broke the string of his breeches waistband—the bumping motion of the horse hindered him from setting all to rights again;

again; so calling to his companion to stop, he attempted to alight.—The hind flap of the coat of the German postillion, is generally turned back in a military manner, with a hook and eye—this was the case with our postillion, who, partly from this circumstance, found himself embarrassed—for it was in vain to attempt turning his leg over the saddle, with his breeches in one hand, and his long whip in the other*, without running the hazard of laying his disgrace bare to the eyes of the world.—However, he made the experiment, and his failure raised the vis vitæ in me and the Count, by producing a loud explosion of laughter.

This naturally conveyed my eyes to the part so much admired in the *Ἀρρεόλην* *Καλλιστήριον* of the Greeks; but, I beseech the

* This prefixed sketch of a German Postillion, which I took from life, may, perhaps, better explain the nature of the fellow's embarrassment.

reader,





reader, will not suppose, that I worshipped the Flemish quality of Mynheer, with all the Attic elegance of the Antients; yet, I must confess, it appears extremely obvious, that, if a temple was dedicated to the breech of a Dutchman, and worshipped by the hypochondriac tribe, that much they would benefit by the tutelage of this deity.—I speak by experience.—But this is from my subject—allons.

Both Mynheers were hard at work—for the other postillion had descended to assist his companion. Just as the string had perforated the hole of the band, the horses sprung forward.—Schwerenoth, says the assisting companion, and flew to their head.—The frog in distress cast a supplicating eye to the carriage.—Tie up the string of thy breeches band; what indignity to an Englishman!—Go to the devil, and fumble all day, if you please.

A Jew

A Jew Pedlar passed by—he was beckoned to Mynheer in distress—Haw—haw—exclaimed Mynheer, well pleased, throwing up his coat flaps, and presenting his rump to the Jew; it was covered with a pair of yellow shag breeches; and was of that huge circumference; which might aptly demand the description of Milton's moon, viewed by the Tuscan artist from the Fessolian mount—it was, indeed, a most emphatical criterion of a true Dutch bottom—it was an honour to the proverbial saying of his country—his voucher of true Dutch breed; and had his Dutch blood been doubted, clapping his breech with his hand, he might have given the lie to all Europe.

All was set to rights, and Mynheer mounted his horse—the Jew now approached us, and the postillion, to shew
his

his gratitude, would not proceed till we had finally repulsed him.

No; thou art a rogue—away—thy tribe is always at enmity with the christians, and thou art bent on impositions.—He understood my looks, and the poor fellow shrunk back—but thou art modest; and thou art industrious; thou dost labour for thy bread,

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;

I called the Israelite back—he presented a drawer of trinkets to me—a barred onyx ring struck my eye—resolved to purchase something, in compliment to Mr. Pope, I put three ducats into his hand, and the ring upon my finger.

It was a real antique intaglio, in the fine stile; the subject was Diomede in the act of rushing from the temple, with
the

the Palladium in one hand, and his sword in the other.—

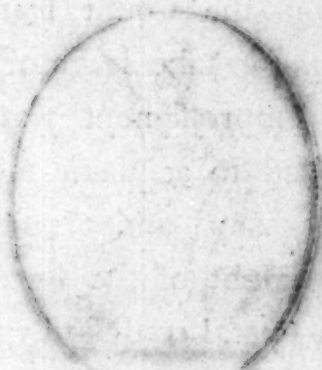
Tydides —, scelerumque inventor Ulysses
 Fatale aggressi sacrato avellere templo
 Palladium, cæsis summa custodibus arcis,
 Corripuere sacram effigiem —



The subject was much esteemed at Sparta, and by the many and various specimens of it, appears to have been common throughout Greece.

The

The Jew Pedlar left us contented, as I suppose, with the thoughts of having made me a Christian dupe; and I was pleased with the fancy of having profited by my dilitante knowledge; for I vainly conceited the ring to be worth no inconsiderable sum, and that I had deceived a poor ignorant Jew.



BRUXELLES.

B R U X E L L E S.

AS soon as we arrived at the Maison-rouge, a hotel near the Montaigne de la Cour—the Count scarce allowed himself time to take leave of me—however, his empressement was natural.—He promised to acquaint me with the event of the day; and though I had no reason to doubt of the sincerity of his intentions—yet, I confess, I was inwardly much mortified, that I could not be present with him on the peculiar interesting occasion.—Pulling out of his pocket some papers, he demanded a Valet de Place; and with a most urgent bewildered look he left me.

The

The morning after my arrival, I waited with the greatest impatience for a visit from the Count, to hear the conclusion of his remarkable history—the day was far advanced, and I neither heard from, or saw, any thing of the unfortunate stranger—the disappointment was great, and I could not be reconciled to it—to come across a man, whose worldly situation was so critical—to hear from his own mouth, a narration so romantically circumstanced, and, in some measure, to be a party concerned with him in the completion of the drama; putting these unique circumstances together, is it not natural to conclude, that a man's expectations were raised to the great height that mine were; only for the sake of rendering his disappointment tenfold more gauling?

I ordered the hôte into my presence—
challenged the servants—and, in short,

M

pestered

pestered the whole house with my interrogations—but all could not avail—the Count had not been at the Maison Rouge.

Strolling up the Montaigne de la Cour, with my brain profoundly ruminating on the affairs of this foreigner, I presently found myself at the gates of Prince Charles's palace—where stopping short, I was recollecting the business I had come there upon.

I believe neither the philosophy of the stoick Zeno, or the moral of Socrates, could have given my mind sufficient energy to repel the acute disappointment which I laboured under. I had come to see a curious specimen of a Surinam toad, in the gallery of natural curiosities, and the extraordinary heterogeneous contact of a male rabbit and a hen, in the Prince's Managerie.

My

My soul was really depressed—I had no power to turn my thoughts on any thing but the Count; and just as I was going away from the gate with a resolution to fly all over Bruxelles, and to make a general enquiry of the inhabitants, to find him out, I saw three ladies stepping out of a coach—methought I recollected the face of Madame * * * *, wife to General * * * *, of the Austrian service, in the trio—she was lively, she was pretty—I followed them into the very gallery, which made part of the object of my promenade—they had likewise come to see curiosities.

I was not perfectly satisfied as to the person of Madame * * * *. However, it was certain, that I did not prefer the loathsome back of a Surinam toad * to

* The Surinam toad, has the extraordinary property of containing its young in small valves on its back—it is commonly

the pretty face of a woman — gallantry forbid! — yet, I was unwilling to make my approaches before I was certain of my mark.

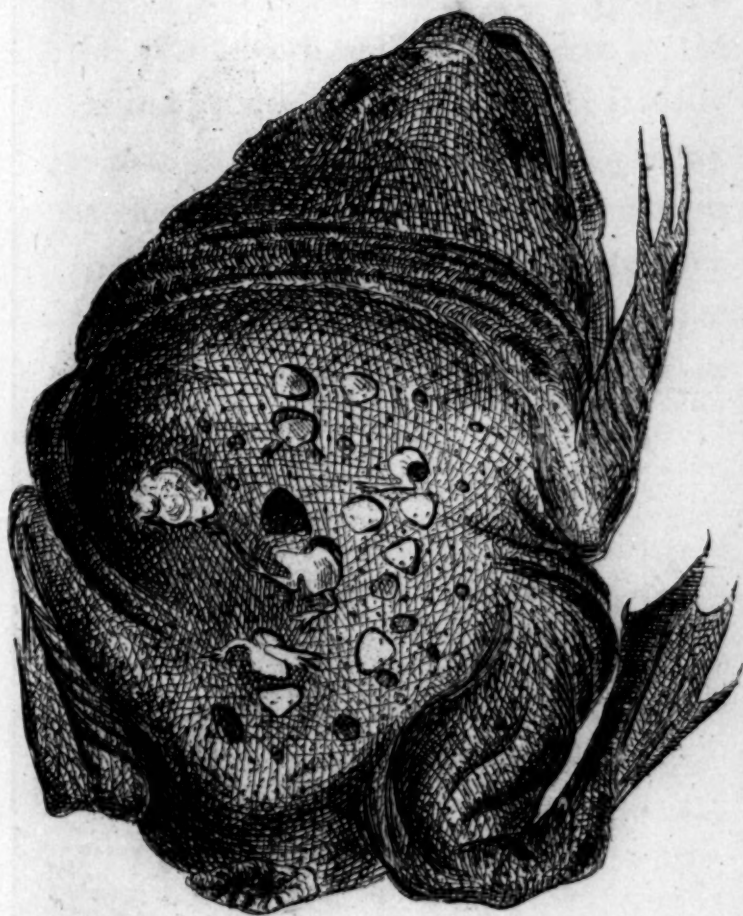
While I was viewing the animal, I found the ladies were viewing me, and I fancied, that the eyes of Madame * * * * looked somewhat inquisitive; for, I now was certain she was the same person—
J'ai l'honneur de saluer Madame * * * *.

There is nothing in the world so agreeable, as the renewal of an acquaintance on the Continent; a person, in these cases, is always certain of being more strongly initiated into the good graces of the women.

twice the size of the largest specimens of these creatures found in our island, and of a very dark brown colour. Since this was written, I have seen one in Sir Ashton Lever's Holophusion; which, as a Collection of Natural Curiosities, exceeds, beyond description, any thing of the kind I saw on the Continent.

What

Plat. 164



SURINAM TOAD.

A. Del. et Sc.



What a whole legion of philosophers, beating my pate with their quaint instructions, could not accomplish, Madame ****, finished at one stroke. To speak the plain truth, and do honour to the candid confession of a man, I really found, though my mind was as gloomy as Spencer's Cave of Despair, a certain power to remedy the evil — Madame **** gave me vigour to surmount the disappointment — Why should I say as Horace did *,

—— aliena negotia centum
Per caput & circa saliant latus.

* There is something very affected in frequent quotations from authors—it is a species of impertinence, which the world may cry out against—but we should recollect, that unless one Jackanapes, can wink at another, all mankind would be set together by the ears.—Who is the man; who is not a cockcomb in some respect or other?

The affairs of other men pester me on every side — but not the affairs of pretty women — looking full in the face of Madame * * * *, so if you have any reason to make use of my services in the course of my travels, I shall be proud of your confidence. — While I staid at Bruxelles, she would be happy to see me, was Madame * * * * answer.

Beauty and female chat made me an inconstant fool, which I believe is the case with half of us men — I forgot the unfortunate Count, and was very near forgetting Madame * * * *; for on a question made in secret, to the gentleman who shewed us the room, touching this bipede and quadrupede, I was giving Mesdames the slip.

Enverité, says the Prince's naturalist, the eyes of Monsieur may vouch for it,
the

the affair will be concluded in your presence. — Tenés, says he, thrusting his hand before me, with a ring on his finger — *cette bague n'est pas un bague antique*, if it be not true. It was in vain to insist that the Prince of Lorraine was a jester, and had contrived this pastime to circulate a laughable story in his court — *un conte a rire* — or an amusement for strangers — the naturalist was positive in his assertions.

I expressed some difficulties about the women — *n'importe*, says he — it is no secret among the ladies — *on me le demande souvent* — but he assured me he would draw them aside — so while Madame **** and the young ladies were amused in a corner of the room, he gave me the wink, and I was presently in the garden.

I was scarcely conducted to the spot by the keeper, when I observed one of the young ladies tripping down the walk, followed by Madame * * * * and the other, with the Prince's naturalist, who brought up the rear.

Monfieur doit avoir quelque chose très precieufe, fays Madame * * * *, and they all burft out a laughing. Female curiosity is not foon fatisfied — Madame * * * * looked at the spot where the keeper and myself were ftanding — and giving me a fignificant fmile, ſhe exclaimed — Ah! je devine l'émpreſſement de Monfieur.

This threw me into an awkward embarrassment.

Madame * * * * had ſeen this gigga gallante.

It

It is shameful for any man to say he is petrified with *mauvaise honte*, especially when he is in company with ladies, who are willing to encounter occurrences, so critical in point of delicacy: but had it not been for an encouraging smile from Madame * * * *, which at that instant brought to my mind the precise difference of sentiment and manners between the foreign ladies and my own countrywomen, nothing could have saved me from an ill-bred confusion, which is deemed a perfect rudeness among them.

Que c'est comique, replied Madame * * * * — très comique, I answered — enverité c'est singulier — c'est fort singulier — c'est amusant — c'est très amusant. — I told Madame * * * * that it was a circumstance repeated by all the world, and most people loud on the truth of it; but I, who had not as yet a
test

test of so extraordinary a circumstance, rather doubted its reality.

The naturalist asked me if I was satisfied — I answered, that every thing was conducted on the most plausible and most specious footing; that I could be no sceptic as to the feat itself — mais que Monsieur, avoit ses doutes, as to the possibility of any thing resulting from so strange an union.

I was then shown three or four young Frizeland chicks,* which the naturalist assured me were the produce — Madame * * * * took inconceivable pains

* These chickens are shewn as the produce of a rabbit and hen — by the inverted position of the feathers, and the quantity of down upon them, joined with the peculiarity of their appearance altogether, they might pass in the eyes of the credulous ignorant, as a palpable instance of such a singular copulation.

to persuade me into a belief—I still asserted my doubt, and insisted on the impracticability of it—so taking Madame * * * * by the hand, and my congé of the Prince's naturalist, we ascended one of the walks, when I had an opportunity of making Madame * * * * my convert.

—But we, Madame, we who are rational beings, can, by virtuous resolutions, suppress the infirmity——

Madame * * * * did not well comprehend me.

Non obstant, says she, Monsieur a raison, car c'est mon avis que la loi naturelle ne doit jamais être renversée.

On my return from this morning's promenade, Madame * * * * dropped me at the Maison Rouge; I had just entered
my

my room, when a note was put into my hands—it required very little divination to make out the writer—my emotion was great, when I opened it—it was to this purport:

“ The Count de C— laments the impossibility of waiting on Monsieur —
 “ and being sensible that the interest
 “ which he has been pleased to take in
 “ his misfortunes, demands every cordial return on his side, he greatly
 “ regrets the want of opportunity to
 “ demonstrate the same. As the calm and
 “ tranquil scenes of life can have no
 “ pleasures for a man, whose heart is
 “ broken by reiterated shocks of distress, he is now preparing to enter on
 “ a military career, in the service of a
 “ northern power, where the active
 “ scenes of his profession may tend in
 “ some measure, to dissipate the gloomy
 “ temper of his mind. His resolution
 “ is

“ is taken ; and the only prayer he has
“ now to beg of Monsieur — is, that
“ he will drive from his memory, the
“ existence of a being, so wretched, so
“ pécuniairly unfortunate as the Count
“ de C——”.

The great and interesting outlines of this man's life had so much taken possession of my thoughts, that I was determined, if possible, to lose no time to hunt after him, to acquire the succeeding materials of his unhappy history: but being apprehensive of learning more of a melancholy narrative, that most probably would relax my heart-strings in a greater degree; and, by gleaning more and more from the unfortunate occurrences of his life, of metamorphosing the tender pang of sympathy, into the firm and interested bond of a distressing friendship, which but too often renders man a party concerned in a train of afflictions ;

fictions; and as I once before observed, draws but a thin partition between our own and a stranger's misfortunes; I was therefore desirous of dropping the curtain on this stage of woe.

Here let it fall.

And you, ye souls of mutual sensibility! whose hearts bleed warm, when the tale is told of the children of the wretched, seek not for woes too powerful for your milky tendernefs, lest in struggling with the soft and amiable virtue, ye grow stern philosophers, and the dew drop pity change for cold indifference.

CONVER-

CONVERSATION

At the Prince de L——'s.

WHAT generous, unthinking mortals, you Englishmen are ! says the Prince. Que diable vous autres Messieurs sachtent se dérober des embarras très sérieux même, when a foreigner, let him be ever so amiable, from any other country in the universe, would smart very severely for his étourderie. 'Tis strange, that all of you should have a kind of fascination on your first arrival among us, qui tout d'un coup vous fait des protégés. I was the other day on a frolic in the streets of Amsterdam, when a watchman dragged me to a house of police, where I remained all night,

night, and probably should have repented of my boyish prank, if mere chance had not whispered to Mynheer, that the Prince of L—— could get drunk, and play the fool, as well as the rest of the world — tho', you Englishmen, are continually in these scrapes, you have the art of getting out of them much better than we can, Mais par raport au Chevalier — c'est un étourdi magnifique et plein des inventions qui font honneur à sa nation.

Mon Prince, it seems, had long revolved in the orbit of an unrivalled etourderie aimable, and hearing of a Britannic phenomenon, Sir ——, he seemed greatly mortified, that in all the catalogue of his sprightly inventions of gaiety, he could not equal the following happy extravagant design of the Baronet, which had raised him to popularity, and made him much talked of in all the societies of Bruxelles.

The

The BARONET at Bruxelles.

SIR — had arrived with his bear-leader, and a train of domestics and equipage, as grand and superfluous as an Eastern monarch.

Soon after his arrival, he gave a most profuse entertainment to a brilliant circle of figurantes and theatrical p—s—and it was at this festival, that English ostentation, folly and profligacy, were eternized in the town of Bruxelles.

The day was sacred to some solemn rites of the Catholic church. Burgundy and champaign conspired to open at once, his invention and the strings of his purse. —Priests arrayed in their rich and holy

N

vest-

vestments, several monastic orders, male and female, with a powerful column of white-robed attendants, joined with an infinite number of the populace, some officiating in the solemnity, and some as idle lookers on, made up the procession. Banners were flying, timbrels founding, tapers blazing, holy men and women chaunting; sinners telling their beads, enthusiastic persons religiously gaping; and every window crowded with spectators, who in pious fervour were waiting the approach of this grand ceremony.

At the critical instant, when the congregation was passing under the window, the high-plumed Baronet, having previously provided a store of the small silver current specie of the country, and throwing it in handfuls among the processionists, a general scramble took place. Priests in their emblazoned robes, recol-
lets

lets with their breviaries in their hands, and immaculate females, were seen rolling over and over in the street, most heinously bemired — numbers to avoid the rushing fury of the populace, were obliged to take to their heels; and slander says, some of the votaries cast the burning taper of Catholic superstition from their hands, to secrete some of the Baronet's squandered treasure.

However spirited and nationally characteristic this manœuvre of the Baronet's may have appeared in the eyes of the less discerning, I am sorry to say, the impression which it made on the minds of the respectable and reasonable part of the inhabitants on the Continent, who alone stamp the true character of persons, greatly hurt the English in general.

There was a time, and I remember that time, when the characters of my

countrymen were idolized by foreigners—but now, from the dissipated turn of many of our young men of fortune, who travel for the tinsel of mere parade, whose affected glare of careless extravagance, holds them up as objects of ridiculous folly, for foreigners to concert their chicaneries upon; and who only deride the goose they are stripping of its feathers: now, I say, we all of us are held cheap by men of true worth, and grinned at by the very meanest of the people. It was from this consideration, I was inclined to address a serious discourse to English travellers—experience has confirmed me in the truth of it: and, I make no doubt, but they who have had the same opportunities to make reflections on the subject, will acknowledge the candid exposition which it contains.

A SER-

A
S E R M O N
TO
ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

"O magnus posthac inimicis risus!"

HORACE Sat. ii. lib. ii.

WHEN your equipages arrive in a town on the Continent, the rascals of trades-people, and much greater knaves of inn-keepers, are laying plans to plunder you; and troops of famished wretches, devoted to any office that travellers think proper to employ them upon, like starved Tyrolian wolves prowling for rapine, surround you on every

side—for they conceive your riches to be immense, and your *ostentatious extravagance* still more excessive: they first flatter you on the known liberality of your character as Englishmen, and then they subscribe in the most servile manner to all your absurd ridiculous caprices. The police and shop-keepers have in pay the scoundrels of lay-lackays, who surround your hotels; the former to learn your history (perhaps) from your thick-headed looby of an English valet, who probably may smatter just enough of the language, to perplex you on all occasions; and the latter, to cozen you in their *boutiques*, where you pay cent. per cent. more than the natives. The inhabitants of distinction invite you into their circles to filch you at their card parties.—A pert coquet, of some beauty and fashion, shams an intrigue with you, to wheedle you to lose your money at piquet; who, while you are racking
your

your imagination to tell her some dull story, and to play off some piece of gallant witticism, is counting her game, and under the mask of nonchallant badinage, studying how to capot you. You suffer your purses to be drained with a grace, in hopes of acquiring the name of Madame's bien aimé; while the huzzey smiles at your bad imitation of foreign intrigue, and supremely ridicules your English *fadaise*. She will admit you at her toilet in the morning, when you may see her in *dishabille*; and, because the customs of your country are more discreet and becoming than foreign ones, you fancy, that a nasty creature's dressing room, will furnish you with a story, to display your gallantry when you return from your travels.

Men, who have been trained from their earliest infancy, under the hands of a

frisseur, to wear their bags, solitaires, and brocades, with magnanimous dignity, look contemptuously on your affected ease in the manœuvres of your snuff boxes, and your awkward carriage in sporting your persons.

Do not, therefore, my dear countrymen, when you travel for improvement; and when you should travel as respectable representatives of a body of people; who, as long as ever civil society has been known to flourish, have been courted and esteemed, do not attempt to imitate any other nation than your own; you have virtues and refinements among yourselves, sufficient to render you compleatly amiable as men; and understandings, to put you on an equality with the most enlightened of mankind: in short, you have talents within yourselves, when properly exerted, which command the esteem of all the world: let the end
then

then of your visits among foreigners be, to enhance the blessings of your own country; to glean that species of information, which may teach you how to prize the comforts you possess at home; and by learning the distinct qualities of men, to secure to yourselves private happiness, that may last you all your lives; to bring back with you the laws of different empires; politics to serve your king in a national exigency; improvement in the arts to benefit your countrymen; and an universal benevolence to carry you through life without rubs to yourselves, and with happiness to those who have any commerce with you. Suffer not the light character of Frenchmen, the absurd hauteur of the German Baron, of the sixteenth generation, or, the vain-glorious insolence of a romantic Italian, to brand you with ridicule.—If you perceive virtues in either, that will mend your hearts, or be of national benefit

nefit in the application of them to your country at large—treasure them in your memory: but leave their vices where they were first engendered, to secure to you that ascendancy you have always had over them: for, by these exotic acquisitions, you return home with a poison more fatally administered than by the hands of your enemies;—and which, in succeeding commotions with your neighbours, will be a remote conquest, which you have drawn upon yourselves. Show yourselves therefore liberal, but avoid the character of magnificent fools; whose greatness is only manifest in the superior faculty of squandering riches, more profusely than the natives you are associating with.

I have seen you laughed at, and my heart has bled for you. I have seen, when your backs have been turned, an insolent foreigner speak with contempt
of

of you, who has flattered you with a most egregious irony of praise before your faces. Assert your solidity of character, and even your deficiencies in the agréments, with an Englishman's dignity. Consider your characteristic qualities in a physical sense; do not ballance them against those of the foreigner; and, believe me, that your natural character, joined with your early and substantial educations, will make you ever respected. — But O, my countrymen! suffer not your fame to be tarnished with the affected imitation of foreign buffoonery, and the cursed folly of boasted extravagance.

There was a remarkable circumstance in the course of the Baronet's sojourn at Bruxelles, which rather puzzled me.—

All

All the world spoke of this dragon of extravagance, and no-body had seen him in the circles; all the best families were echoing his name, and the Baronet had not made his *entré* among them.—As foreigners conclude that Englishmen are always acquainted with each other, however degrees or distance may vary, I was generally pitched upon to answer the charges that were laid against him. I was indeed, curious myself, to see the British Worthy, and one morning I paid him a visit; when the following conversation resolved the mystery.

ENGLISH CONVERSATION.

OUR conversation having soon settled the places through which we had travelled, and the limits of our intended tours, we began upon Bruxelles. The Baronet said, he was informed of three
circles

circles of the Noblesse at Bruxelles, and, that the etiquette confined a man to one only;—for if, says he, you have been introduced to the first, it is impossible you can shew your face in the second or in the third; and if presented in either of the latter, it would for ever seclude a person from the first.—Now what plan do you think I have adopted (looking extremely quaint and arch all the time) so as not to trespass against the laws of this etiquette, and not offend the nobility in either circle? I visit neither—ah! —ah! —ah! —heartily laughing at his own joke.

This court, says the Baronet, was intended, for my first exhibition, in formal congies and full dresses; preparatory to which, I received a packet of letters from an old cat of an aunt, voluminous enough to have contained the correspondence of a plenipotentiary at some foreign

foreign court—they were mostly introductory one's on my tour; but, in particular, to the principal nobility of this place, among whom she had resided a great part of her virgin life. But, as her dearly beloved Charley, was only to copy their foreign grimaces and buffooneries, which were most carefully and verbosely exemplified in one of these epistles, I thought proper to make some alterations in the plan myself. This epistle contained matter sufficient for a quarto volume — scraps of sentences from Lord Chesterfield, her own remarks and opinions, advice in the company of the grand monde, punctilio's of honour, sympathetic plaister for wounds, receipt for an excellent wash 'ball, with almost the whole materia medica, in case her dearly beloved nephew should fall ill on the road — but among all her receipts, I could not find a specific for an empty purse—ah!—ah!—ah!—and what resolution

lution do you think I have taken?—perhaps, to throw all her admonitions and introductory letters into the fire.—Very good; answered the Baronet—but still better—I have voted Bruxelles a most pestiferous boar. So I, and my friend, propose setting off for Paris on a prodigious jolly plan—this will be extremely funny—won't it? Vastly so, I replied—but do you not risk the paying dear for this jolly plan—as you call it, by hurting yourself in the eyes of your friends in England.—'Shaw—I fear nothing on that head—there is a tolerable portion of sea between us.—Very true, Sir; but if they be capricious in their remittances?—Why then, replies the Baronet (looking extremely cunning, while he was pouring out a glass of wine) I will offer a libatory health to little Ephraim, near the Post-office, in Lombard-street, and receive my money of a certain friend somewhere else.—I have settled this before-

fore-hand, or mercy on my grand tour expedition.

So, so, Sir! I exclaimed inwardly; this is refinement in extravagance, with a vengeance!—What deliberate profligacy! and so young too! mercy defend us!—connected with Jews—the times!—the times!—

In short, from this morning visit, I was no longer surprized, that our neighbours the French, the Germans, the Italians, treat us with such open effrontery; and inwardly laugh at our dissipated youth, who travel among them—

On a party with Sir ——— and his tutor, to Mr. Varelst's cabinet, we were viewing a picture of the Virgin, by Rubens;

bens; which was fixed very low for so large a design, and which stood in a recess at the end of his gallery, with a glass door before it. Great master! vast execution! powerful effect! what excellence! what patient toil to arrive at such superior skill! and what a genius to give such brilliancy to so much science and labour! these were my expressions, when I turned to the Baronet's Tutor. I was waiting for his reply, which, I was in hopes, would have echoed accordantly to the pleasing veneration which I entertained for this artist's memory. Cold, and unparticipating in my fervour, did this bear-leader cast his sullen eyes on the picture—after viewing it for some little time, with all the majesty of a grim pedagogue of a college, he slowly made his comment—"it's a daub—the man was
 " painting for money, and not for fame—
 " the Virgin is the portrait of Rubens's
 " kitchenwench—there is no sublimity in

O

" the

" the composition: and, instead of having
 " a religious veneration for the mother of
 " Christ, I should be thinking of the
 " fish market at Antwerp." Why then,
 thought I, you are a jog trot connoisseur,
 and a mere retailer of the flat and
 common-place remarks on this great
 master.

But, Sir, the critics on Rubens mistake
 his excellence, and I am sorry to find
 you are one of them. Beauty, Sir,
 should be considered in two points of
 light, in a physical sense, and according
 to the fashion of the times. When the
 fine arts of Greece had arrived at their zenith,
 it was the taste of the age to admire
 the graceful folds of a simple drapery,
 on the slender and delicate well-turned
 member. — The sculptor chizelled this
 imaginary excellence, and by his exquisite
 proportions, the result of his consummate
 study and application, has flood

unri-

unrivalled. After-times have made such improved and accurate representations of nature a decisive law in taste. Painters, like the rest of men, have each a particular idea of beauty, which sometimes may be corrected by study, or varied by the prevailing fashions of the age: hence such a difference is generally seen in their works. Probably Rubens was sensible, that the Greek model was the true standard of taste; and, in all likelihood, would have made that his study, had not his own, and the prevalent taste of the age, induced him to that method of self-recreation, which so strongly characterises his pencil: if he had strictly followed the Grecian outline, he must have stood unrivalled. In the age of Elizabeth, it was the fashion to die and powder the head red; in Charles the second's reign, to wear black wigs. Painters were obliged to follow this taste. Perhaps, in the time of Rubens, some

Flemish Lady, of high rank and exuberant plumpness, had given rise to this fashion — be this as it may, though a Painter may give into the absurdity; he may, notwithstanding display infinite excellence in his works; and, in respect to true taste, be no convert either to his own capricious ideas of beauty, or the prevailing beauty of the times.

But beauty, Sir, is centered in the imagination, and painters, like the rest of men, have each a peculiar idea of a woman's contour—Sir Peter pleased his fancy, and was in the right of it—perhaps, the redundant swell of flesh and blood was the particular gout of the artist, and perfectly congenial to his opinion of a woman's beauty — as he honoured flesh and blood, he honoured nature, and therefore has copied what he thought her excellence.

The

The divine Tutor, for by the bye he was clerical—declared himself a man of taste, and throwing himself prodigiously on his centre, burst forth with,

—— amphora cæpit

Institui, currente rotâ, cûr urceus exit.

“ Rubens had the design of a Virgin of
 “ heavenly inspiration in his mind, to be
 “ all grace, and of angelic mould; but,
 “ alas! what has the pencil produced—a
 “ Dutch butter firkin; or,”

—— ut turpiter atrum

Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne;

“ Those beauties which he pencilled, are
 “ precisely in this stile—he begins with a
 “ woman in the upper parts; but when he
 “ proceeds to the conclusion, he verifies
 “ the adage in the tail, by Dutch fishi-

“nefs, a preposterous mound of flesh
“and blood.”

As the Tutor had given me a box on the ear with a Claflic, I endeavoured to return the compliment.

Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviffe velimus.

If there be any fault, it is the fault of the Dutchman, not of the artist—Rubens was enamoured with the superabundant flefhinefs of his goddeffs. — Turn your eyes from the kitchen wench—wink at the imagery-defect—behold other beauties. “I fee none. But there !—there !” fays the Tutor, pointing to a cluster of naked nymphs, painted by Polenburg*; “there,” fays he, “is excellence !”—“What hideous
“rough pencilling, to this inimitable re-
“presentation of human nature, fo exqui-

* A painter famous for fmall figures.

“fitely

“ fitely wrought by the hand of man !—
 “ see what peculiar delicacy !—Surely,
 “ Sir, you must have little taste to admire
 “ Rubens before Polenburg”—I asked the
 Tutor to define taste.

“ Taste, Sir, is a pleasure, which a man
 “ derives from the objects he is survey-
 “ ing.”—I asked the Tutor the meaning of
 taste, and what were its constituents.—He
 waved a reply, and referred me to Ge-
 rard, D’Alembert, and Mr. Burke’s Sub-
 lime and Beautiful. I gave him to un-
 derstand, that no man was privileged to
 decide upon taste, or even permitted to
 have any taste at all, unless he compre-
 hended its meaning, and had knowledge
 sufficient to acquire it. By your argu-
 ment, it should seem, that no man had a
 right to please himself, replied the Tu-
 tor.—He waxed warm, and called my
 reasoning tyrannical.—I politely begged
 to explain myself, and to point out to him

the necessary qualities of taste; assuring him, that true taste was founded on knowledge; that it was gleaned by experience, and ripened by comparing works of inferior merit to superior excellence; so, that by comparing the works of a subaltern artist, with those of one of high note, a parallel can be drawn between them, and thus the criterion of true taste exemplified.—There are block-heads, who are so bounded in their ideas, that they have no faculties to judge of the *fac simile* of Nature*;—but, men of a just perception, who are in search

* I am sensible, that imitations of Nature, in many respects, are esteemed flat and tasteless, by the generality of artists—it is my opinion, that this kind of taste, should be considered in a physical and unlimited light—the ideas of men vary—all men have not the same consideration of refined beauty. Rembrandt, Teniers, and Ostade, courted the grotesque—Michael Angelo, the visionary, and the extreme excellence in Nature. The majestic Raphael, the simple beauty of the Greek model. Science has been displayed in all these masters—but true taste only centered in the latter.

after

after taste, consider, if the painter has done justice to the model he copies. Their knowledge varies according to the greater or lesser nicety of comparing excellence with inferiority; hence degrees in taste—hence degrees in artists.—Nature is strongly conspicuous in Rubens—Nature may be conspicuous in Polenburg;—but the science of the one greatly exceeds that of the other: and here it is, that the superior merit of the artist is to be found. Rubens studied both the great and intricate beauties in his model—here an arm, in the act of muscular force, shews animation—the muscles swelled—the sinews conspicuous—arteries displayed—the limb boldly executed upon a large scale; and every the minutest part delineated, with such accuracy, that the skilful anatomist wonders, when he is not able to discover a fibre misplaced, or a nerve unnaturally exerted.

exerted.—Thus a fresh science is learnt, for the more perfect finishing of the grand design of the painter; while an artist, like your favorite Polenburg, in the insignificant petitesse of his subject, apologizes for his want of skill in anatomy, by his pigmy imitations of Nature—his science can be no ways conspicuous in detail, as the representation is too small for this masterly observance; but let your own judgment decide on the excellencies of this great artist, and you must allow, that as he exceeded the other in the magnitude of his designs, so this magnitude has given him an opportunity of displaying his superior knowledge of, and skill in delineating, the structure of the human figure; and as perfection in the artist, cannot be attained but by consummate industry and experience; so, that distinguishing judgment of the particular excellencies and beauties of the production, which we call taste in
a Con-

a Connoisseur, can be formed only by long and reiterated observation on Nature herself, as well as on different imitations of her. Now as Rubens displays so much greater a portion of science than Polenburg, I must always conjecture, the man who admires the former in preference to the latter, to be an incompetent judge; and in consequence, it is my opinion, that every man should doubt the justness of his taste, unless he has scientifically studied the merits and demerits of the artist whom he criticizes.

But he should have admired the Greek, the Greek, Sir, says the Tutor.—I rather lost my patience, but resolved to attack my disputant with his own weapons, who I knew had only taken up the argument, to justify the common received opinion of this master's criticisms;

I grew

I grew obstinate, and asserted, that Rubens did absolutely study the Greek model: and, that it was from his enthusiastic veneration for the beauties in that famous marble of the Venus de belles Fesses, which so much bewitched this great master in favour of his bulky beauties.

This Venus, enamoured of her beautiful form, gazed upon it.—The enraptured painter, not confining his admiration in certain regular bounds, rather exceeds the model. He is bewitched by the Grecian beauty contemplating the fair protuberance of her delicate body; and he thinks it impossible to have too great a portion of this Athenian excellency in his works. As Michael Angelo, from his close imitation of the great in Nature, fell into an excess of his art;

so,

fo, Rubens may have fallen into the like delirium, and produced his large posteriors, by the effect of his profound labour and study.

But, Sir, when you observe this Venus, you will find, by a peculiar cast of her eyes, that she has taught subsequent ages, where the partial attention of the ladies is directed. In the sixteenth century, it was fashionable to lose the waste in an elevated pelvis. A dress was invented to favour this prevailing taste—it was esteemed lovely—the pride of the ladies—the men admired—and painters flattered the rage of the times. — The present age has taken up this charming criterion; every woman is enamoured of her dear b—m fiddle—cork protuberances are invented, and the waste shortened in accommodation of this valuable article. It is all
from

from the Greek! the Greek! the dear delightful Greek! *

“ But, Sir, what will you say of the King
 “ of Prussia, who only prefers the artist,
 “ whose works he is best pleased with? he
 “ laughs at the rules of taste; he only
 “ judges by his senses.” I must then say,
 that his majesty is a better judge of the
 discipline of his army, than a fine painting—it is obvious he can have no pretensions to taste; and, unless he has science in the works of a painter—what right has he to please himself at the expence of real merit, and take to himself a taste which he is not qualified for?
 “ Not please himself!” No, Sir, not please himself;—for if he pleases himself, by deciding on the merit of an artist, who

* For the better illustration of my argument, I have given a plate of the *Venus de belles Fesses*—a Dutch woman of the sixteenth century—and a lady of the present age.

has

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MODERN.



FLEMISH
of the 16th Century.



GREEK.
H. Del. et Sculp.



has no claim to excellence in his works, and therefore conceits himself to have a taste, which is injurious to men of parts, who alone are encouraged by the smiles of such a great potentate; I say, he has no right to please himself; for that pleasure is a mistaken pleasure, which is founded on ignorance; the judgement is erroneous in this case, and no man should value his errors in judgement; “By your leave, Sir, the King will certainly please himself, if he thinks proper”.—Very true; but under these circumstances, I think he is not entitled to that pleasure, since all great men in power should know how to distinguish superior talents; but, as for his taste, I do not value it before the taste of the tall grenadier at the door of his palace; and I would have all painters of eminence shun the auspices of such ignorant umpires.

The

The Tutor looked at the picture of Rubens — attempted to speak — but stammered out — “Not please him. self!—not please himself!” he again repeated.

Mr. Varelst with the Baronet approached us just at this crisis; and as I was sneaking to another part of the room, with some design on this malade imaginaire,—I left them gazing at the picture of Rubens: and if I could judge by the Tutor’s gestures, I thought him in plaudits on this fine picture of the Virgin.

Strange—strange are the rapid changes in the mind of man!

Mr. Varelst seemed animated at the Tutor’s remarks; and as I thought his attitude, not unfavorable to carry away
with

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M.^R VARELST.



with me his peculiar vera effigies, I pulled out my pencil, and scratched off the annexed physiognomy*.

I was presently joined by Mr. Varelst, whom I found in the warmest eulogium on the superior taste of the Tutor—declaring, that his veneration for Rubens exceeded every thing he had heard; and so great seemed the favour, which he acquired in the opinion of this singular hypochondriac, that he was invited by him to take his soup at his house the day following.

* It is remarked of this Gentleman, that he never varied his dress; which consisted of a silk bed gown, with a girdle; a white night cap with a ribbon round it, and a tuft of rich Bruxelles lace, on the summit; a cravat, with the same kind of lace at the knot; and his ruffles, which he always wore, were very rich of the same quality. This Gentleman, I was credibly informed, had not stirred out of his house for fourteen years when I saw him; being, from an extraordinary prepossession, apprehensive, that the open air would prove fatal to him.

On the Road to MAESTRICHT from LOUVAIN,

In Company with an English Colonel.

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,

Enumerat miles vulnera, pastor oves.

PROPERTIUS, Lib. ii.

EH! why then my conjectures are right—it must be so—it is a tumulus—we are certainly travelling on the *via militaris* of the Romans.—Indeed, my dear Colonel, I thought so—you know it was my opinion, the very instant we made the turning from the Louvain road—see, how it is raised!—What persevering, what stupendous labour!—What a monument of their fame, of their grandeur,

deur, of their extensive conquests!—
This warlike, sagacious people, always
occupied the highest grounds to guard
against surprize.—Charming vestige! We
are certainly not far from their castrum,
this must lead us to it, depend upon it.

The Romans under Vocola carried on
a harrassing and fatal war in these parts
against the Germans, who were com-
manded by Civilis Tacitus is fine
in the description of this war. — What
a delightful field to range in! What
charming food for a liberal mind!
Let us for a while paint our ideas with
the instructive colouring of antiquity,
and say to ourselves: on this very road
Vocola marched with his legions to give
battle to the revolted Civilis — what a
number of interesting busy scenes this
conveys to an enlightened mind — to a
mind that has had patience to glean some
small store of information.

You seem thoughtful Colonel, let me break the chain of your reverie, and communicate some little narrative of this singular people. — When Cerealis had the command of the Romans after Vocula, he published at the head of each legion in the camp, a particular decree, that no soldier should reproach his companion with his revolt and defeat*.

“ What a defeat we had at Lauffelt! —
 “ I have just been thinking”, says the Colonel, “ if the Duke of Cumberland
 “ had not been so vain-glorious of the
 “ bravery of the British troops, we should
 “ have gained a compleat victory over
 “ the French—had he but drawn on the
 “ Allies”—Wherefore did they remain inactive?—we lost many a brave Eng-

* ——— et edictum per manipulos, ne quis in certamine jurgiove seditionem aut cladem commilitoni objectaret.

TACIT. Hist. Lib. iv. §. lxxiii.

lishman that day.—“ I was there”, says the Colonel—“ we shall soon come to the
 “ very spot itself—I know every inch of
 “ the ground—I will show you the dispo-
 “ sition of our line—the attack of mar-
 “ shal Saxe—he commanded in person
 “ at a village on the hill, three miles from
 “ Lauffelt.—I remember as well as if the
 “ battle was fought but yesterday, to
 “ have seen the columns march down
 “ from the village—but we shall soon be
 “ on the ground—it lies between Ton-
 “ gres and Maestricht”.

Tongres ! cried I—Tongres!—the very town of the Tungri—Shall we pass thro’ Tongres?—I was ready to jump out of the Barouche;—then, Colonel, you find my conjectures are right.—I said, we were on a Roman road.—Heavens ! what pleasant sensations ! a thousand delightful ideas rushed to my mind. Did I not say we should soon discover a castrum?

—Why, Tongres is the old town of Atu-
 atuca, the famous *municipium* of the
 Tungri—that this town, so famous in an-
 tiquity, did not occur to my mind be-
 fore! How far are we from it? “From
 “Lauffelt? Why, from Lauffelt we are
 “a post and a half.”—What are you
 thinking of, Colonel? I said Tongres.—
 “I do not know,” said the Colonel.—
 Not know? it is the next stage; “but
 “I was thinking of something else.—
 “What a ragged, ill appointed army the
 “Empress Queen had at that time! quite
 “different from the present appointment.
 “—I shall never forget what a beggarly
 “appearance they made at Lauffelt: beg-
 “garly in two senses; for, if the Duke
 “had led them on for the support of the
 “British, by G—d, the day had been
 “ours.”

I saw three large barrows or tumuli at
 some distance from the road; I ordered
 the Barouche to stop, insisting on getting
 out

out to view them—the Colonel lost his patience. — I told him, that we should not pass these sacred deposits of such brave people, without offering some fugitive tribute to their manes.—He swore it would be dark before he reached Lauffelt, and then he would not have time to conduct me over the field.—’Shaw! never mind the paltry battle of Lauffelt; think on the Roman battles—when Cerialis led on the Langri and Treveri—and yet, methinks, says the Colonel, we lost a great many brave fellows—“ I saw the ground crimsoned over
 “ with the truest and bravest blood that
 “ ever flowed from men, who sacrificed
 “ their lives for their country, and I have
 “ seen more than one fight of the kind.—
 “ A paltry battle! Why, Sir, we lost some
 “ thousands of our honest countrymen
 “ there; by G—d, if the Allies had engaged, we should have beat the Mon-
 “ sieurs — but you do not feel for these
 P 4 “ scenes.”

“ scenes.”—Nay, this is too much.—What simplicity! I say, Colonel, Lauffelt was a trifling battle, when compared to the carnage in the wars of the Romans.

It was in vain to dispute the point, for I saw the Colonel grow warm;—but, says he, “ What are all the battles we read
 “ of in books, but fables, which the histo-
 “ rian invents, to raise the reader’s won-
 “ der.—I do not believe half the battles I
 “ read of, nor half the wonders that men
 “ relate, unless I have them confirmed by
 “ my own eyes:—now, as to the battle of
 “ Lauffelt, I was there, and with my own
 “ eyes I beheld it.”—By Heavens! this was too much.—I never was so desirous in my life for my favourite conversation on the Romans.—It was entirely out of my power to convince my companion in this argument—my bile was rising high; and, I verily believe, I should have burst, if the sight of a town, which I concluded
 to

to be Tongres, had not dissipated my anxious desire to convince the Colonel of his stupidity.

Therefore, instead of beginning with that violent vociferation, which the insult the Colonel had given to my sixteen hundred years departed friends, had wound me up to; the fortunate sight of a distant town, like a water spout on a volcano, awhile suspended my rage.

Then, *geswind*, says I to the German postillion. — But the German postillion not caring the value of his half-consumed tobacco pipe's charge for Tongres, and all my enthusiastic veneration for its antient splendour, bestowed no extraordinary lash on the plump buttocks of his Flanders mares.—I flung myself into the corner of the Barouche, bewailing my fate, in not having a companion to relish a *Castrum*, *Tumulus* and Roman road: and, the Colonel, on his part, I believe, was inwardly

wardly curling my dilitanti frenzy, and boiling for a military enthusiast to partake of his field of battle at Lauffelt.

A mutual silence took place—a thousand reflections were passing in my mind on the subject of this discovery, and each reflection, alas! was nipped in its origin for the want of a friendly antiquary to pass some genial comment on its justness. Not a single word was I determined to speak to the unparticipating Colonel.

My profound thoughtfulness increased—at times I was flattering my fancy with some curious discovery at Tongres; perhaps rummaging the inside of an *hypogeum*, or hanging with greedy veneration over a fragment of some Roman pot; analysing the composition of Roman cement; decyphering the inscription of some corroded medal; gazing with all
the

the feverish enthusiasm of an enraptured virtuoso over an urn, which my suggestive fancy, could argue to be the cinirary déposit of some great man; perhaps, a Civilis; perhaps, a Vocula.—All gracious powers! thought I, in a few minutes I shall arrive at this delightful food for antiquity, and not have a brother partaker in my extacy, when I trace out the mouldering vestigia of the walls.

Ye gods, goddesses, or genii! what e'er you be, or what class you hold! whether ye preside over the foibles, frailties, or virtues of men; whether ye direct them through the strange jumble of their existence, and bend their minds to the occupation of certain thoughts, in preference to their many wild fancies, which gambol in their strange imaginations; who e'er you be! whether in power eminent among the sylphs that flutter provident to protect their puny substances;

substances; or else, of lesser note, who watch the silly whimsies of their brains, great is the praise I offer you ! Let me not tire your aerial patience, by offering up too many ebullitions of gratitude; but suffer me, with much meekness of spirit, to request the rank and name of that benign genius, who dragged the torpid THOUGHT from darkness, and inspired me with this pleasing recollection. — I will raise an altar to his memory, after the Roman ; and I will offer up as a sacrifice, a thousand conjectures on *tumuli, viæ, castra, municipia*, &c.

Happy, happy THOUGHT ! — I will then, on my arrival at Tongres, make all diligent enquiry for an Abbé — Peace to thy perturbed spirit ! peace ! — An Abbé will be enlightened with classical lore, and the salt of his Attic knowledge may chance to give a fresh zest to thy favourite pursuit.

My

My blood reliquified, and the stream ran lymphid through its ducts, impelling the spleen and bile into their salutary congenial courses—the heart once more expanded, and chearful nature reassumed its wonted dwelling in my bosom.—I was turning to the Colonel to strike on his darling string of Lauffelt—to partake of his raptures—to humour his military gusto; to make him blessed, indeed! but sleep had fast sealed his eye-lids.

“ To the right about, turn — keep
 “ your ranks—guarnish your right — I
 “ say, they will force us on the right
 “ flank — its all sham on the left”.—No
 jolt could have been more unfortunate
 than this—it waked the Colonel from a
 repetition of his defeat at Lauffelt, and
 I was in the best possible mood to enjoy
 his military trance.

“ A d——’d

“ A d——’d shock, indeed ! We are
 “ all blown to the devil”, cried the Co-
 lonel, just as we received the jolt,
 staring about him wildly. You have
 been dreaming, Colonel, of Lauffelt !—
 “ I was, in good faith—eh gad ! what a
 “ d——’d jolt it was !—I thought we
 “ had sprung a mine. — Dreams, are
 “ strange things”, said this military ve-
 teran.—“ I never was more warmly en-
 “ gaged in my life—I was in the midst
 “ of fire and smoke. P—x on the jolt,
 “ I wish I had dreamt it out”.

Pray, Colonel, what was the English
 force at Lauffelt ? — The Colonel sud-
 denly turned his head, darting on me
 one of those cordial looks, which indi-
 cate an entire expansion of the heart.
 I never saw a mortal discover such silent
 satisfaction, joy hung pendant on the
 very tip of his tongue—a thousand sen-
 tences rose tumultuous for utterance.—
 The

The opening was made, and what column to march foremost was now his study. Alas! there was no arrangement, French and English came together, pelmel, full as much disordered as in the battle of Lauffelt. I had no direct answer, so I e'en gave him all the free loose to his story, which he could possibly expect from a mortal who had been so ill used as I had been on a Roman road.

Many a time did he rouse my attention by a nudge, or a pull by the sleeve—what could he expect more, besides my patience, than an *ay*—or a solitary *hem*? What an unfortunate rencontre! had his battle of Lauffelt met any other thing in the course of our travels but a Roman road, and the town of Tongres; then, O then! thought I, your marchings, your counter marchings, your manœuvres, would have been felt, and attended to—unsociable heart that I have, not to participate
of

of a fellow creature's innocent foible.—
 “Zounds, Sir”, cried the Colonel, (with
 such an impetuous accent, and in so loud
 a voice, that, conscious of not attending
 to his narrative, I thought his passion had
 got the better of his reason, and I was
 going to pay dear for my rudeness.) —
 “Zounds, Sir, what a glorious victory
 we should have gained, if the beg-
 gary Allies had engaged.”

Heavens be praised! I have reached
 the antient town of Tongres; and every
 old building I now cast my eyes upon, is
 converted to the remains of some Ro-
 man *domicilium*.

It was morally impossible to contain
 myself any longer. — Now, Colonel,
 you see the famous town of Tongres
 —it had no effect—he was enumerating
 the regiments and commanders names
 who were employed in the battle. —

Then,

Then, confound me, if I ever mention the battle of Lauffelt again, was it to save your heart from bursting with choler or impatience.

It is a common saying, when a man is desirous of finding the thing he is immediately in want of, that the said thing is not to be found; or else takes him a plaguy long while in seeking after; the following incident will show that there are exceptions to this rule.

No zealous Catholic, whose soul was on the brink of eternity, was ever more desirous to see an Abbé, than I was at Tongres. — The very instant the Barouche stopped to change horses, I enquired with a most rapid emphasis for one: my enquiry was addressed to a little dry looking man, who was standing close to the carriage to reconnoitre our persons; he was dressed in a reddish

Q

brown

brown coat, with short powdered hair curled up tight round his neck.—I had no sooner mentioned the word Abbé, than a similar impetuosity sprung up in his countenance.

“ Monsieur wants an Abbé”? says he, making a half flexion of a bow.

Before I could put my enquiries into some form, I that instant perceived that I had addressed myself to the very being I was in search after—for a blue binding above his flock, convinced me that he was the very man. He desired to know my *business*; whether some religious office he had to perform — “ a la “ confession peut être”? The very thing, said I to the Abbé, smiling.

But my smile was too ironical to give weight to the answer.—The Abbé said,
he

he was willing to serve me, and once more desired to know my business.

I prefaced my discourse, by observing, that as persons of his cloth, were in general possessed of liberal knowledge, and therefore informed of many particulars which escape the ignorant multitude, I presumed to address him on a subject which related to the old town of Tongres—here, I remember, he fixed a most penetrating look on me, and I am sure, in three seconds of time, he distinctly surveyed the whole features of my face. To finish my preliminary chapter, and not to belye my first answer, I confessed to him, the great desire I had to find a person, who had taste enough for antiquity, to survey the spot where the antient town of Atuatuca stood.

“Aça”, exclaimed the Abbé, drawling out the last syllable as long as the inflation of his lungs would permit him—
 “Monfieur eft Amateur”.

We fhall not arrive at Lauffelt, cried the Colonel, if you dangle after that Jacobite-looking fcoundrel—with a promife of only flaying till the horfes were put to, I prevailed on him to follow us.

The little Abbé, with the moft eager and fatisfactory look in the world, led us into a clean, but fmall houfe, which we traversed to his ftudy; where, by books and loofe papers I faw lying on the table, I was well perfuaded he merited the compliment I had juft paid to his learning.

And now, faid he, if Monfieur will have a little patience, I will fhew him a few bagatelles—“ils ne font pas de
 “grandes

“grandes choses”; and he skipped out of the room, for he had left his keys in a coat pocket which he had pulled off the day before.

While he was absent, whether by design or accident, there passed by the room door, a clean and pretty black eyed *grisette*, whom the Colonel soon espied, and with an oath exclaimed, there’s a piece of modern rarity, worth all your coins or Roman antiques, as you call them! If I had, continued he, all the curiosities in the world, I would freely part with them for a kiss of the Parson’s maid. The Colonel bounced after her.

When the Abbé returned with his keys, I could well perceive by his looks, that he had seen the Colonel in confab with his maid; and, if my intuitive knowledge was not ill placed, (which,

by the bye, I think was not the case) he appeared rather disconcerted on the occasion.

He opened his cabinet—Just Heavens! what are the feelings of the Dilitanti!—urns, vases, lachrymatories, pateræ, fibulæ, coins, &c. &c. burst on my enraptured sight—it was richer to me than the Duke of Tuscany's cabinet, or all the cabinets in the world—for I had been so pleasingly wound up for it.

What delightful sensations! What ardent longings, any partial passion rivets in the soul of man! methinks it raises it to the very pinnacle of human happiness—if this be the case, why should I care for the little bickerings of the world, or how much it ridicules my judgment.—O world, laugh on!—I am supremely charmed in contemplating the beauties of a cockle-shell—and I maintain it, he
is

is the truly happy man, who can trifle life away in trifling things.

At that instant, I would not have changed station with a king, an emperor, or a perpetual dictator of the whole universe, were I to have sacrificed the delightful fight which appeared before me.

A Julius Cæsar! with what avidity did I take the coin in my hand—O thou enlightened general! thou great successful man!—how could such universal shouts of praise, such egregious glory, bestowed on thy conduct, avoid impressing thee with such vast ambition—yet, O great Cæsar! where was the man to be found, with a mind as sound as thine, who could have born thy honours with such modest dignity? But thou wast punished for the means by which thou becamest great. Thou hadst butchered

multitudes; thou wast butchered thyself. If thou hadst acquired thy greatness by virtue alone,

I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again;

but thou wert sanguinarily great, and I
lament not thy fall !

See ! see ! here is the *lituus*, or augur's crooked staff, with which he quartered the heavens; the *vase*, the *asperger*, and *simpulum*, or ladle, to pour the wine or sacred liquor on the victim's head. The Abbé deemed me un esprit fort, et grand amateur.

Now began my lecture on the coin—
And let thy benign and tender patient spirit, Abbé, incline thee to this innocent foible—give me audit—cherish the harmless vanity, and I will humble myself





self before thy little wanderings of temper, even with the religious meekness of brotherly love. Oh! ease my bosom of this irritating garulity, and I will be patient under the severest tortures, which the longest story in thy catalogue can possibly inflict on me—he did—he did hear me.

The discipline and religion of soothsayers, were brought to Rome from Etruria; Cicero says in his book *De Divinatione*, that their rites were highly venerated, and of such great importance, that no business was performed in and out of the walls without auguration. The distinguishing honour and influence, attached to that sacred office, were the means of transferring augural dignity to the emperors and first nobility of Rome, which may be proved by the coins of Cæsar; from whose example, Marcus Antonius and Lepidus embraced

ced the high priest-hood ; and displayed the sacred dignity of the office on their coins, by delineating the emblems of it.

I was in full career of discourse, and the Abbé charmingly attentive, when, (a curse on the eternal baffler of my extatic delirium !) the Colonel entered the room, panting, breathless, and swearing it would be dark before we reached Lauffelt—he soon routed ten thousand legions of ideas on my favourite theme, and his discomposed figure seemed to avert all favourable propensity in this friendly antiquary. It was in vain to re-assume the subject.—The Abbé wished the Colonel at the devil for two reasons ; first, for his absence ; and secondly, for his barbarous want of consideration for the fond interesting business we were employed upon.

Helas !

Helas ! cried my friendly participator in this world's trifles, “vous allés donc “partir”, and you have not seen the old remains of Tongres—but I will, thought I to myself, in spite of this soldier, and his military frenzy; so bowing to the Colonel with an unapproximating politeness, I followed the Abbé and triumphed over his battle of Lauffelt. The Colonel had his choice to follow us, but he returned to the inn, foaming with indignation, because I did not frame some delay and excuse, to wave this antiquarian promenade.

MAESTRICHT.

AS we left Tongres the moon made her appearance, and she promised sufficient brightness to light us over the memorable plains of Lauffelt. The Colonel's spirits rose with the rising of the planet; for he had been in a desponding state, lest he should be forced over his favourite field of Mars, by the darkness of the evening; and the locality of his military rhetorick, lose that zest which the presence of a companion might there give it. The gaiety of his humour could not be equalled by the youngest subaltern of the army. He sung; and the burden of his songs was convivial humour and English prowess: though the soul-melting power of their
 music

musick was lost in a vigorous and masculine cadence, still it produced the requisite excellence to his fancy—'twas a roar of sound health, good lungs, and true valour; and I joined in chorus with my companion.

The treasures which I found in the company and cabinet of the Tongres Abbé awakened in me a perfect concordance with his military spirit—I encored his songs—the Colonel clapped me on my knee, and was humoured to the highest bent of his soul.—But, alas! how often, when we give the bowl its truest bias to arrive at the jack of success, does the rub intervene, and a cursed obliquity disappoint all our happiness!

It was the good hock at Tongres, and the thoughts of walking over his favourite field of Lauffelt which revived the Colonel's spirits; but it was the smoothness of the road which abated their violence, and was gradually lulling his supreme

preme happiness to rest—the Colonel, as usual, soon dropped asleep—I followed his example.

On our entering the gates of Maestricht, the noise of the guard awakened us—the Colonel recollecting the irretrievable misfortune which had befallen him, made a short pause; and drawing up the most formidable German oaths in battle array, attacked the blameless postillion: the victim of his revenge proved the omission of orders to stop at the village of Lauffelt; but the more he averred his innocence, the more the Colonel grew indignant—in short, he fell upon him with the brawny fists of a Broughtonian Englishman; and notwithstanding mine, and the officer's of the guards interposition, he gave him a most severe Buckhorse chastisement.

The intemperate choler of the Colonel was somewhat eased by the blows which the Flemish postillion received; yet the
man

man was not tame under the unmerited disgrace — he instantaneously lodged a grievous and formal complaint with a magistrate of the place against the Colonel, who would, in all probability, have received a sharp retaliation from the sufferer, had not the Lieutenant of the Guard, from the great respect which is paid to officers of rank on the continent, been a mediator in the difference. Having paid a ducat as a cataplasm, to cure the battered ribs of the innocent postillion, and invited the Lieutenant to spend the evening in his company, if the duty of his guard would permit him, the affair was compromised.

On my entering the house we put up at, I flew to pen, ink and paper—and such was the restless state of my antiquarian spirit, that for thee **** — thou spirit of the great Camden, did I begin the first lines of the following Letter.

LET-

L E T T E R I.

MAESTRICHT.

I AM heartily glad of this opportunity of testifying my peculiar happiness in having a friend like yourself, who has a taste for antiquity, and whose bosom is at all times a sanctuary for the foibles of a fellow creature — foibles, —wherefore foibles?—surely the name is unjustly applied.—Is not the world to blame, when it derides the pursuits of men which help to fill up the dreary vacuum of life, and conduct them smoothly thro' all its strange meanders?

Antiquity is a useless study, unless it tends to throw light on ages, from whence little or no information has been handed

handed down to us; unless it impresses some awful truth, illustrative of the virtues of past ages; a monument of their vices, or a record of their customs, which may serve the moderns as a model to imitate, or an example to steer clear of.

Wherefore should we pore with wonder and immoderate regard over some antient remain, without reason for the pleasure we feel? The mind may be amused; but this argues puerility. But when the laws, customs, virtues, and vices of remote ages, do constitute part of our studies; when we select those materials from the ruins of vast empires, which point out to us those errors which occasioned their overthrow; when they thus become the awful monitors of a succeeding people; when by their fatal example they show them how to establish a more permanent existence; when they amend their legislator, and confer that salutary knowledge, which could not possibly be

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other-

otherways attained; the veneration for antiquity becomes respectable and highly beneficial to society.

The faculties of men are capable of expansion; and they are fruitful in their inventions, but their lives are of too short a period to bring their plans to perfection;—by selecting therefore the useful from antient vestigia, they can in part make amends for the shortness of life, and produce to their companions in society, the happy effects of their own industry, and the united labours of a once flourishing people—examples of virtue for the happiness of the individual, and a combination of useful knowledge for the general welfare.

The reflecting antiquary when he views the dilapidated altar, recalls to his mind the sane or depraved government of the Emperor to whose memory it was erected;

erected; he praises or condemns the most striking passages in his life; and he endeavours by his example to amend his own heart, or to propagate to his brethren a species of knowledge to awaken their feelings as patriots, or to stimulate their actions as men.

Here a coin enables him to throw splendor on the historic page, or a variety of other reliques to correct the wandering spirit of a Geodfrey of Monmouth, and to transmit to the world those data from whence truth and information may be drawn.

The mind of man is prone to the marvellous, and dwells with a secret pleasure on things that are deeply concealed within the womb of time; hence some men are fond of courting dark and mysterious things, without other aids than the strength of their own imaginations; of these, we may say with Plautus—

— piscari in aëre,

Venari autem rete jaculo in medio mari.

Simple and plain truth is not their reward; but in its stead, they array the insubstantial vapour they have caught in a plausible form, which circulates abroad, bewildering the rigid enquirers after truth, and furnishing matter of ridicule to less serious investigators.

I have sent you a plan and drawing of Atuatuca, or Aduatica, Tungrorum, or Tongres. The drawing represents the ruins of the walls. You must not rely on the accuracy, since my few hours grubbing on the spot would not admit of a Stukeley's precise investigation, or the classical detail of a Whittaker's Mancunium.

Atuatuca derives its name from a castle*, which I conjecture from Cæsar's ex-

* Id Castellum nomen est. Cæf. Comm. § xxx. lib. vi.

pression,



pression, to have been built by the Tungri, or Eubrones, before Cæsar's conquest of that people; it is situated on the banks of the little river Jecker, about 10 miles W. from Maëstricht, and as many to the N. W. from Liege. Like the station at Manchester, Chesterford, and Ivelchester, it seems to have had its angles rounded; as near as I could well judge by my eye, it concentrates upwards of fifty acres of ground, and is of the parallelogrammic form. Vegetius describes the nature of these works to be more beautiful, as they approach in their length to a third more than their breadth: Atuatuca, if my eye has not deceived me (for I had no time to measure it) greatly partakes of this property.

The Tungri were the first people who passed the Rhine *; and appeared to have

* Vid. Tacit.

been the bravest among the Germans. The Roman army was abundantly recruited from them; and they served in most of the territories of the empire. Several inscriptions have been found in Britain commemorating the Tungrian cohorts.

Here it was that Cæsar conveyed his baggage when he attacked Ambiorix; his having chosen this place as a security for his *impedimenta* was on account of the perfect conditions of the fortifications—*tum, quod superioris anni munitiones integræ manebant.* — Hence it appears, that this was one of the strongest, though not the largest of his stative camps in this quarter.

In walking round the walls I could not avoid considering which quarter the Decuman gate was situated, where the German horse endeavoured to force; and
where

where that brave Roman P. Sextus Baculus, jumping out of a sick bed, not having tasted meat for five days, posted himself, and alone sustained the enemies blows; till, by saving time, the garrison recovered themselves from the surprize, and mounting the rampart, made shew of defence*. A little Abbé, with all the salt of Piereskus, who was my friendly Cicerone on this occasion, rejoicing in the attempt, undertook to find it out. As he understood perfectly well the topography of the country, I acquired sufficient information from him, to fix it at C—but, alas! this is all antiquarian conjecture.

Atuatuca was long in possession of the Romans, and by the traces of its antient magnificence appears to have been a municipium. About a hundred years

* Cæs. Comm. § xxxv. l. vi.

since, a temple of Hercules was discovered here, and the statue found dilapidated some distance from it. Pliny says this town had a celebrated spring of a medicinal quality, and greatly beneficial in several diseases *—but on this subject the learned disagree—and on what subject do they not disagree?—some fix this spring eight miles from hence, some at Aix la Chapelle †—if you wish to interest yourself more particularly in this matter, I shall refer you to Ludovico Guicciardino, who has written very elaborately on the subject.

If I were on the grand theatre of antiquity, where Imperial palaces lie in charming picturesque ruins, mighty amphitheatres, temples, cirques, and other

* Lib. iii. cap. ii.

† Harduin, Pliny's commentator says, that the spring of Tungri is Aquæ Spadanæ, *Les eaux de Spa*.

vast piles of masonry, so happily in decay, that antiquaries have a large field for conjecture and copious description, I then could tower in my subject. With Horace and Virgil in my pocket, how plausibly I might collate the feat of these amusing Roman actions, and humbug my friends at home with. While I was big in description, and painting in all the inventive grace of a connoisseur, with what rapture I could survey thy exhilarated brow turn up in all the charms of credulous wonder. Italy! Italy! till then, my dear friend, you must vouchsafe to receive the little gleanings of my Flemish peregrinations, which I meet with in my road, like plebeian cheese parings, to the mellow rich core of noble Parmesan.

By the bye, I should have informed you in my last, that T——, whom I left
 at

at Bruxelles, has been hunting all over the town for Gruter's inscriptions, which he forgot to bring with him. He is determined to return a professed antiquar, —his head is turned with Rome and Naples—always dreaming of Pompeia and Herculaneum; if his friend and patron invites him to supper with his opera wh—, and a circle of dashing Englishmen, he probably answers, that he is engaged to sup on an applicable verse in his classics to some antient edifice on the *precipitant river Anio*. These two people will never complete the grand tour in each other's company: when T—— is thinking of his common-place book, the great man will be praising the taper leg of an actress—consequently, while one is under the grim and brown influence of Saturn, the other will be animated by the volatile spirit of Mercury—two opposite constellations; and when in conjunction portend some revolution in the state.

Supper

Supper was ordered on the table, and I found the Colonel setting down to it in company with a Prussian Major. There was some combination in the acquisition which he had made of this officer's company—for when he had returned to the inn at Tongres, and left me in company with the Abbé, he had seen a corporal and two recruits entering the house; and chatting with the corporal on divers military affairs, he found he was conducting his recruits to Maastricht, and his officer recruiting in the neighbourhood, and actually at the house we had put up at; which I now found was the reason why he had been particular in notifying it.

A dish of military discourse had been served up before supper, which opened the Colonel's character to the Major; who, I soon perceived, contrary to the ideas I entertained of a Brandenburg veteran,

teran, was a perfect gentleman, and man of the world — he was humouring my friend, the Colonel, in his Flanders histories, and listening with seeming deference to the vile campaign tuition of his barbarous German.

There was a soldier's vanity too, on the side of the Major, who, in his turn, marched the firm and steady Prussian line, down the hill at Rosbach, and giving the French on all sides a regular fire by divisions, with a vigorous emphasis, extolled the Cæsarian valour and consummate abilities of his king. The Colonel's egotism could avail nothing in this case—the war of forty in which he had served, did not furnish an event to eclat his own prowess, or to throw a dazzling splendour on the arms of his fond, fond country. He had no hero whom he could honestly praise in the presence of this experienced officer, and no commemorable

table battle to sound, against the din of Prussian emprise. The Colonel was therefore desirous of changing the seat of war to another quarter, and thinking the Major had rather thrown out some oblique reflection against the inferior abilities of our generals, he had conceived some inimical ideas against him—for at the names of Duke of Cumberland, Ligonier, and Granby, he simply exclaimed, brave men, but no generals ! This was commencing hostilities with the Colonel, whose patriot bosom glowed with indignation at the haughty superiority he showed for his king—he now bethought himself of some topic to lessen the Major's triumph, and to enforce some respect to his country.

“ Who put Silesia into your hands ? ” —
 The conquests of my King, answered the Major — “ that I deny ; the House of
 “ Brandenburg must acknowledge some
 “ thanks

“ thanks to England for not interposing
 “ in the quarrel — we might otherwise
 “ have turned the scale pretty sharply
 “ against you”. By what means? replied the Major. “ By granting a subsidiary to your poor enemies the Austrians”. This part of the story, continued the Major, I am not acquainted with—we are soldiers, not politicians, in our country—when we fight the battles of our sovereign, we do not trouble our heads about the contest—we rejoice in his successes, and leave the effeminate sons of the cabinet, and the politicians of the age, to settle the rights of his possessions.—“ Ay”, replies the Colonel, “ where was his right? where was his claim? Poor Austria was bubbled indeed”!

The Major by this time had found out the drift of the Colonel, who he plainly saw was mortified at his superior soldier-ship, and had only fished up this argument to vent some of his acrimony. He
 smiled

smiled at his increasing warmth, and kept up his superiority over the Colonel, by marching immediately to the attack of Jablunka; he stormed and carried the fortress—saw the Austrians defeated at Molwitz, and the brave General Schuylenberg fall by his side—then forced the great pass at Fryewalde—received a wound at Olmitz; and was witness to the army of his King gaining the bloody victory at Czaflaw.

The Colonel was unwilling to renew the attack, for his battery was effectually silenced by the long list of battles, which the Major had a fluent knack in reciting.

And wherefore is your King to be signalized above all the generals of the age? It was now my turn to question the Major's haut ton, in favour of his Frederick.—This was giving the Colonel breath to rally his forces, and I thought it was, in
some

some degree, incumbent on me, as an Englishman, to know the rights of his military ascendancy.—Sir, continued I, a Loudon has been at his heels, and a Daun has chastised him for his blunders—has he not faults in common with the rest of men? “The very reason why I revere him as a great man: or else I should adore him as a divinity”, replied the Major.—“I know him to have great errors contrasted with the most brilliant virtues”.—Virtues! name them—I never heard him called a virtuous King before.

The Major replied, “that he had resolution to shun the allurements of Princely indolence—to study the welfare of his kingdom—to brave the dangers of a campaign—to be alert in his duty, by which he sets an example to his army, and by that means constitutes the principal spring of its action—these are virtues which have justly filed him the Great Frederick”.

I answered

I answered that the allurements of princely indolence were intoxicating, that it required the greatest efforts of human ability, to shun even a small part of the poison; but that war might possibly be a much greater luxury to some Princes, than the idle ease of Royalty; for the self mortification they subject themselves to, is probably in their minds greatly overbalanced, by their dear gratification of glory, accumulated honours to their families, the retention of vast dominion, and an undisputed monarchy, which the blind zeal of their subjects will be proud of maintaining. But where is his virtue?—where his greatness? The Major in reply: “ In
 “ the consequence of his continual study to aggrandize his house, which he
 “ cannot effect, but at the expence of
 “ his ease of body, tranquillity of mind,
 “ and the enjoyment of those pleasures,
 “ which are calculated to alleviate man-
 S “ kind,

“ kind, from the most potent ruler
 “ to the most servile slave in his do-
 “ minions”. — I understand you; you
 hint, that he has forsaken the charms of
 lovely women, and the dainties of Api-
 cian tables: perhaps he has forsaken the
 former for a variety of taste, and the lat-
 ter as a necessary preservative of life:
 which your king may well be fond of,
 was it only for his apprehension of
 the doubtful dispensations in the other
 world—but they tell me there was a
 time of your sovereign’s life, when he
 enjoyed both the one and the other *.
 Where is his virtue? where his great-
 ness?—“ In the consequence of that ab-
 “ stinence—I do not enquire after the
 “ cause—I look to the effects”, replies
 the Major. What are the effects? “ A
 “ great king; a great monarchy”. Let
 us understand each other Major—at this

* Vid. les matinés du Roy.

rate we must only consider the result of our actions, and disregard the motive they spring from. If the *means* are rejected from the ballance of our conduct; success then is virtue—success you call greatness? The Prussian Major shook his head—what! this question is not to be defined? I grant you, 'tis puzzling—we are some of us doubtful as to the nature of good and evil—thank God, I am not the sophist to argue down the moral conduct of men, and to justify the principles of their vices; therefore to my argument—You say your king is great, because he has had resolution to shun the luxurious invitations to supineness; pleased with the fame of great achievements, he has extended his empire at the expence of his corporal conveniences—he has been exposed to inclement seasons, and fared roughly in his military career—he has drawn his sword

in battle, and exposed his body to the random shot of the enemy. The huntsman in pursuit of his game, will toil and exhaust himself through fatigue—he will despise the inviting ease of his couch, and laugh at the nipping frost of the early morn—he will defy the formidable tusk of the wounded boar, and rejoice in the dangers of his victory over the animal. 'Tis the passion for the chase that exposes the huntsman to danger—'tis the passion for war that has driven your king into the field from the effeminate pleasures of his throne. Cæsar delighted in war and commotion, to flatter his ambition—Vitellius was a glutton—Nero was cruel—but Vespasian was only great and virtuous. I grant that each may be great in his particular passion; if the excess of ambition, gluttony, and cruelty, may be called greatness. But forbear to say that your king has greatness and virtue, because he has a dazzling reputation which awes
the

the world. What if he can put an hundred thousand men in motion, with the facility of a puppet-man, move them into this quarter, and transport them into the other, and draw upon him the surprize of all Europe by his art. —What more—than that your king has a *penchant* for Tactics. A prince starts up and takes advantage, like a Cyrus or an Alexander, of an age just escaping from barbarism, and adds new conquered dominions to his throne, by the secrets of his science in war. — Let the house of Brandenburg recede to its primitive inferiority, your king may in vain attempt to adorn its escutcheon—he must still be content with the original honours of his family—his neighbours will have learnt the finesse of war as well as himself. But if your king is only great, because his subjects tremble at his nod, then the tyrant of Syracuse was truly great, because he was feared—give me

some striking example of his virtue—let me hear that his subjects are not oppressed—that his breast is open to the cries of humanity; that his whole life is dedicated to the happiness of his people, and not to the precarious greatness of his name, which a small commotion in his kingdom would effectually erase. — I will then hear your king praised, and I will rejoice in the name of a Frederick—but, methinks, 'tis strange, that the world will call those men great which it stands in dread of—'tis mean; 'tis paltry — for a king to purchase his title to greatness on these terms.

I believe the Major was not displeased with my comments on his king's greatness; yet he pleasantly waved the subject, and with much good nature endeavoured to amuse me, by the following instance of his sovereign's generosity.

THE

THE
PHARO TABLE
AT
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

SOME years ago a stranger dressed in a plain citizen's attire, took his seat at the Pharo Table at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having some little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and tossed his pocket book to the banker, that he might not question his faculties of payment in case he lost. The banker surprized at the boldness of the adventurer, and no less so at his ordinary appearance,

pearance, at first hesitated to accept of the challenge; but on opening the book, and seeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the stranger's sternly and repeatedly insisting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance he prepared the cards for the great event. The surprize was naturally great, and all eyes attentive to the trembling hands of the affrighted banker, who, while the stranger sat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the card which decided his ruin and the other's success. The table of course was immediately broken up, and the stranger in triumph, with perfect coolness and serenity of features, turned to a person who stood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders for the charge of the money. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old infirm officer in the Austrian service, and who had sat next to him at the table, "if I had the twentieth part of your suc-
cess

“ cefs this night, I fhould be the happyeft man in the univerfe.” If thou wouldft be this happy man, replied the ft ranger briskly, then thou fhalt have it, and without waiting his reply difappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards the entrance of a fervant aftonifhed the company, as much with the extraordinary generofity of the ft ranger, as with his peculiar good fortune, by prefenting the Austrian officer with the twentieth part of the Pharo-bank; “ Take this, Sir,” fays the fervant, “ my mafter requires no anfwer”, and he fuddenly left him without exchanging any other words,

The next morning it was rumoured at Aix-la-Chapelle, that the King of Pruffia had entered the town in difguife; and on the recollection of his perfon, the town foon recognised him to be the fuccefsful ft ranger at the Pharo-table.

When

When the Major had finished his story, he rose to leave the room—the corporal had arrived with his recruits; but there was some ceremony required before he could present himself before the corporal; for such was the unrelaxed nature of Prussian discipline, even in minutiae of this kind, that he deliberately equipped himself with his sword, hat and cane—the necessary imposing accoutrements of a Prussian officer, to create trepidation and awe among the inferior ranks of the army. The door of the room stood open, and he sallied forth with a proud crested gravity to hear the corporal's business.

The well-drilled non-commissioned officer, had previously taken care to adjust his figure as he thought to the Major's approbation; and having taken a perfect, exact, and immoveable attitude, he smartly brought

brought his hat to his side with the same kind of motion as he handles his fire-lock; and moving only his lips to deliver in his report, he paused for his officer's reply, with the hush of profound stillness, scarcely breathing, and scarcely moving an eyelash.

By this time, the Colonel had recovered from the overthrow which the Major had given him, on the score of his military pretensions; and as we often acquire confidence in the abilities of those, who have triumphed over us in any particular essay of our talents; so the Colonel was taught to respect the superior military skill of the Major. The honour of his country had been long fermenting within his honest, yet too irritable bosom — England, dear England! was now his theme—'twas the soul of the man, and he would have given an empire to have found some foreigner,
to

to have acknowledged his country's superior excellence over all the world, and that his island was the only eminently favoured region in the whole universe.

The Major retook his seat, and now the Colonel being more collected in his manner, was desirous of hearing the Major's sentiments on the English army; and though he seemed to attend to his remarks with deference, yet his soul was motivated by the ardent glow of sound patriotism, — nothing could discomfit the stubborn integrity of his heart, on the opinion of his country, being the only favoured one under heaven. Had the Colonel the advantage of language — had he the well-learnt phraseology of an English news paper to batter his opponent with, and had he a fellow country man to enter the lists with—Gods, what would be his triumph of success! —enough, would it have been for him
to

to have talked out his store of patriotism, and have heard the flowing sentence from his own tongue—he would have disregarded the eloquent, and convicting opposition of a body of senators, and marched off perfectly satisfied with the powers of his oratory, and the unrefuted nature of his argument.

“ In what estimation is our army
 “ held by the gentlemen of your ser-
 “ vice?” We respect the natural bra-
 very of your soldiers, and we have ad-
 mired the deliberate courage of your
 generals on some occasions, answered the
 Major. The Colonel, with a smile of
 satisfaction, raised the glass to his lips.
 “ Yes”, says he, “ my countrymen
 “ have made no despicable figure on
 “ the continent—our great Duke of
 “ Marlborough drove the French to
 “ the very gates of their capital, by the
 “ force of his arms”. By force of money,
 Sir,

Sir, answered the Major. "But you will allow him to have been a great general?" Very true; and if riches constitute great generals, your country should have the first in all Europe; but what necessity is there for your having enlightened generals, when you have money enough to purchase your victories, without throwing your military knowledge into the scale? The Major was unwilling to say that England was famous for generals, and the Colonel would still insist, that she could boast of the greatest in the universe. — "Not skilled, Sir, in military knowledge?" I am sorry to say, Sir, replied the Major, that your commanders have shewn, even in my memory, that they are entirely ignorant of the word *combination* in an army. — When your generals conquer, they conquer alone by the bravery of their men. — "What the devil else, should they conquer by!"

replied

replied the Colonel, something elated, By skill, Sir; by the study of that terrific name, the *great scale of war*: we laugh at the word bravery. When our generals beat an enemy, they do not conquer by chance, or the bravery of their troops, but by the mechanical power of their art. 'Tis true, your men stand in the point blank direction of a cannon ball by a constitutional firmness. We do not trouble our heads with flamina, we compel them to stand firm by the severity of our discipline. "Then, I presume, the
 "greatest coward in your army is as
 "good a soldier as the bravest". — We have no cowards, we all fight — every man of us.—Our men have no opportunities to discover this quality; they are taught to show their bravery, like the handling of their arms, at the word of command—they *must* obey.—When men are trained like ours; when they are taught to fight by the same kind of power,

as

as the clock is actuated when it strikes the hour by the mechanical construction of its wheels; we do not then talk of bravery, but *discipline*. The will has nothing to do in this case—bravery implies an act of volition, now our soldiers fight against their will.—“Ha!—ha!—ha!”—the Colonel roared again, saying, “he “believed he spoke the truth”.

The Major had observed that practice would make a man brave, and that by growing familiar with danger, the timid dispositions of men would become indifferent to the distresses of war: here, he gulped a sigh, replenished his glass, clinck'd with the Colonel. “Come, Sir”, says he, “let us change the discourse to some “other topic—we have both embraced “a profession, that, in spite of my long “services, still shocks my feelings, when “I reflect upon its calamities. What “happiness that in your country, your
“youth

youth can be trained to such a variety of professions; we alas! are born under the influence of this national misfortune, and sent to the camp before our years can impress a sound reflection on our minds, to judge of the fatal disasters which it inflicts on us. Would we could live without it!

This was a doctrine, I had little suspected would have issued from a German officer. Would we could live without it, Sir, says I, repeating his words; but I fear the hearts of men are too corrupt for its suppression; and till human beings grow more amicable and gentle with each other, we must still be under the influence of such a diabolical scourge.

“ Alas! Sir”, he answered, “ you
 “ would, indeed, have cause to curse
 “ this frenzy of human beings, if you
 “ knew the wretched distress my pro-
 T “ fession

“ fession has plunged me in”. I replied, that I felt greatly for every man, whose tenderness of disposition made him consider the profession of a soldier in the true, yet lamentable light that he did.— “ Feeling, Sir”, says he— “ feeling — a “ soldier should have no feeling”; and he fixed on me the most pathetic look of manly distress that my eyes could ever behold. — “ I lost, Sir”, says he, “ a “ dearly loved and only son, by the tenderness of his feelings—but I grow gaulous—old men have a pleasure in “ reciting their misfortunes;—my poor “ boy!” A tear — a tear stood ready to burst from his eye — curse on that pride of nature! thought I — a curse on that affected stiffness of our souls, that will not suffer us to vent the tender effusion of our griefs! The Major repelled the pearly tribute for his son’s loss; while my good friend, the Colonel, once more clinck’d his glass with

with him, in testimony of his heart-felt sympathy for his misfortune.

The Major was warm to relate this anecdote of his son, and I urged him to the following recital.

T 2

FATAL

FATAL EFFECTS of a SENSIBLE
HEART in a young PRUSSIAN
Officer.

MY Son was an ensign in a regiment in which I ranked as captain—we had served two campaigns together, and I was pleased with the marks of a cool and sensible courage, which I had noted in him; and which, on several occasions, promised the most flattering hopes, of his becoming one day an ornament to his family—his heart was naturally generous and tender—this virtue endeared me to him; but I trembled for its effects—it might, I thought, shake his fortitude in the trying scenes of the miserable spectacles of war, and possibly suppress the enterprising spirit of youth;
a quality

a quality so essential for raising the fortune of a soldier, and the necessary embellishment to his character.

I was shocked when I reflected on the only means which were left me to overcome this great sensibility. Oftentimes, when his overflowing compassionate heart would vent itself in a burst of sorrow for the unfortunate, I had recourse to the sophistry of argument to paint these objects of his reflections in different colours to his imagination; and while I was reproving him with his unmanly weakness, I could have clasped him to my bosom for the melting tenderness of his nature. I seemed so sensible of the alarming effects of this too amiable quality; especially over the mind of a young soldier; that I frequently, though with utter repugnance, conducted him to the trying scenes of suffering criminals, and tried frequent measures to familiarize his mind

with the disastrous events which life is too often imbittered with.

Some little time after the affair of Schweidnitz, our army had burnt and sacked a small village of the Austrians — it was our chance of duty to be sent to this place. When the general confusion of the day had subsided, and some order restored among the troops, we made an excursion round the village to view the effects of this catastrophe. On our approach to the ruins of a once clean and neat house, we were suddenly shocked by the approach of an old woman—the genius of extreme wretchedness seemed faithfully portrayed in her ghastly countenance — she flung herself upon her knees, and in a shrill voice of desperation, imprecated the most direful curses on our heads—“ If”, says she, “ you call yourselves men ” and not savages, of unequalled brutality,

"tality, either kill me instantly on the
 "spot, and end my extreme sufferings;
 "or, O! let me have help to search
 "for the remains of my children". I
 tenderly exhorted her to calm herself—
 that she might expect from me every
 assistance; and staying with her 'till my
 Son had returned with a few soldiers, I
 learnt, that on the alarm of the sudden
 approach of our troops to the village,
 the unrestrained disorder, which was
 naturally to be expected from them, had
 forced her son and daughter, with two
 grand children, to seek shelter in a
 cellar of the house; which house, sharing
 the same fate with the rest, was soon pil-
 laged and set on fire—that she herself
 had fled some little way into the country,
 and had retired from the danger of the
 enemy; in hopes, that in case of disco-
 very, her age might secure her from that
 fate, which her grand-children, two
 young women, in the bloom of life,

might otherwise be exposed to—that their father, who was a notary of the place, with his wife, had resolved on staying with the children in their concealment.

When my Son returned with the soldiers, the old woman showed us the spot where we should search for this poor devoted family. We had not been long at work among the ruins, when we broke into the cellar whither the family had fled — here a scene presented itself, that would have turned a monarch's heart from the fell tide of war, which brings such desolation and horror in its course.

Clasped in each other's arms, lay two beautiful sisters; and their father and mother by their side, suffocated by the smoke. While the old woman with horrid yells was bewailing the loss of
her

her unfortunate children — kissing the bodies, and frantic with grief — my Son stood with folded arms, musing over this melancholy spectacle — I solicited him to leave the place—I urged him to withdraw from so affecting a scene—stern did he turn his eyes upon me, and seemed petrified to the spot—In vain did I reason on the necessary consequences of war—and conjured him to view this accident as a partial evil committed for the general good—that it was no premeditated cruelty, but one of those casual misfortunes—which not only follows in the train of military transactions—but that even the civil transactions of life are oftentimes chequered with them. — Where is your reason, your manhood, my boy? Shall a soldier view this sight, overcome with weak womanish feelings? — For shame! for shame!

shame!—all men, in the course of their lives, must make up their minds to calamities like these—'tis what we are born to endure some time or other—away!—your countrymen will ridicule your want of firmness; and the laurels, which you have hitherto acquired in the service, will only serve to point you out, as a more conspicuous instance of effeminacy.

I found my arguments had no weight with him—I took him by the arm to draw him gently from this distressing sight, when he flung himself from me, and exclaimed, pointing to the youngest of the girls, whose tongue, from the convulsive gasps of death, hung from her mouth.—“ Behold this unparalleled
 “ butchery of my countrymen!—will
 “ not the wrath of heaven revenge this
 “ outrage to humanity—cruel—cruel
 “ Pruss-

“ Prussians, you are bloody indeed! —
 “ accursed profession! — hell only has
 “ invented thee! — from this instant I
 “ abjure thee. — I will not return to these
 “ hounds of blood — I will fly to the de-
 “ farts for ever, and hide my face from
 “ such monsters of inhumanity — with
 more such wild epithets as these. — He
 concluded with — “ see there! my father”
 — pointing again to the dead bodies —
 and he burst into a flood of tears.

The Major now chafed his forehead
 with his hand, pulled his handkerchief
 from his pocket, then taking two large
 pinches of snuff, giving his body a twist
 at the same time, he drove back the
 rising sadness of a parent.

It required some force to bear my Son
 from this calamitous scene, continued
 the Major; and so strong was the im-
 pression made on his mind, by rumi-
 nating

nating upon it, that a fixed melancholy seemed to have taken an entire possession of him.—I contrived pleasures for his recreation, and sought every method to root out this strong affection from his mind; but his imagination was too strongly impressed with it; and such was the extreme delicacy and tenderness of his feelings, that I was destined to see this only child seized with a violent fever, and to hear him in the paroxysms of his distemper rave in the most wild, yet pathetic language, on this event, which deprived him of his senses. Some little time before he expired, he had fashioned one of the young women into his wife; and starting up in bed, cursing the war which had snatched her away from him, he fixed his eyes ghastly upon me, which I readily translated into a remonstrance for being the author of his unhappy malady, and fell back in a swoon, from which he never recovered.

Though

Though the Colonel a few minutes before, was ready to dare the Major to the field of Mars, for the little estimation in which the Prussian army held the military part of his country, all the indignation of a patriot had fled his bosom, and the most melting look of condolance for the Major's misfortune, seemed to seal his eternal forgiveness.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



ERRATA.

- For *my* read any, p. 13, l. 13.
- | | | | | |
|---|-------------|---|------|----------------------|
| — | <i>est</i> | — | es | } p. 117. Vid. note. |
| — | <i>va</i> | — | vas | |
| — | <i>veut</i> | — | veux | |
- *might with the comma*, read might without the comma, p. 90.
l. 10.
- For *imagery* read imaginary, p. 198, l. 12.
- | | | | |
|---|-------------------|---|-----------------------------|
| — | <i>a</i> | — | an, p. 240. l. 13. |
| — | <i>legislator</i> | — | legislature, p. 241, l. 22. |
| — | <i>which</i> | — | in which, p. 246, l. 19. |

